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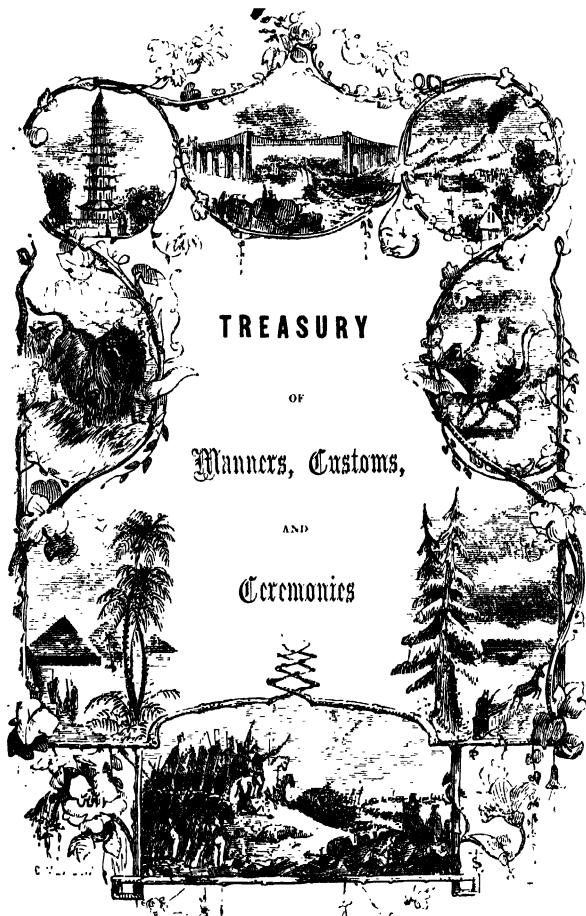
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See page 212.



TREASURY

OF

MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND CEREMONIES.

FOR THE YOUNG.

EDITED BY

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PREFACE.

THE design of this volume is to furnish brief accounts of the distinctive customs, manners, and ceremonies prevalent in different nations of the world. It is always a source both of information and entertainment to notice how countries vary in these respects; and while, in the following pages, an attempt has been made to classify national characteristics and observances, one main object of the Editor has been to illustrate these by selected descriptions from the works of travellers who have witnessed them.

It is hoped that, to young readers especially, the work, which has been carefully compiled, will prove both interesting and instructive.

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TREASURY

OF

MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND CEREMONIES.

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS OF DIFFERENT NATIONS.

AMONG the opulent classes in CHINA, courtship and marriage are conducted in the following summary manner:—

The young people are not suffered to see each other, nor treat upon the subject of their nuptials. The parents settle everything themselves; and though in other countries it is the custom for women to bring portions to their husbands, here the husband pays a sum of money to the bride, which is generally laid out in clothes, &c., for her. Then follow certain ceremonies, the chief of which consist in the relations, on both sides, sending to demand the name of the intended bride and bridegroom, and making them presents. The parents of the bride, who fix the period of the nuptials, frequently consult the calendar for a propitious day; and, in the meantime, the man sends his bride some jewels or trinkets, or what he can afford.

~~1 On the day appointed for the celebration~~ of the nuptials, the bride is put into a sedan, which is magnificently adorned with festoons of artificial flowers; and her baggage of clothes, ornaments, and trinkets, are carried after her in chests by her servants, or persons hired for the purpose, with lighted flambeaux, though it be noonday. The sedan is preceded by music, and followed by the relations and friends of the bride. The nearest relation carries in his hand the key of the sedan, the windows of which are grated up and locked, and gives it to the bridegroom, who waits at the door to receive her as soon as the procession reaches his house. As this is the first interview between the bride and bridegroom, it is easy to conceive with what eager curiosity he opens the door of the sedan. It sometimes happens that he is dissatisfied with the lady chosen for him; when he immediately shuts the door again, and sends her back to her friends, choosing rather to lose his money than be united to a person he does not like. This, however, is seldom the case.

As soon as the bride steps out of the chair, the bridegroom presents her his hand, and leads her into a hall, where a table is set for them in particular. The rest of the company sit at other tables,—the men in one apartment of the hall, and the women in another; but before the bride and bridegroom sit down, they make four reverences to *Tien*,—a spirit which they suppose resides in heaven. When seated at table, they pour wine on the ground before they begin to eat, and set apart some of the provisions for their idols. The

moment each of them tastes the viands on the table, the bridegroom rises up and invites the bride to drink; upon which she rises also and returns the compliment. After this, two cups of wine are brought, of which they drink part, and pour the remainder into another cup, of which they drink alternately. This latter part of the ceremony ratifies the nuptials. The bride then goes among the ladies, and spends the rest of the day with them; the bridegroom treats his friends in a separate apartment.

In China it would be as preposterous to appear in white at a wedding, as it would in Europe to be in black.

No Chinese, except the emperor, can have more than one wife. He may have as many concubines as he pleases; but they must be obedient to the wife, and treat her as mistress. The emperor has three wives, and the number of his concubines are estimated at three hundred.

If a wife elope from her husband, she is sentenced to be whipped; and he may dispose of her as a slave. Should she marry another while her first husband is living, he is at liberty to have her strangled. If a man leave his wife and family, after three years the wife may apply to the mandarin, and, upon stating her situation, he can authorize her to take another husband. She, however, would be severely punished were she to marry without this permission.

In certain cases in China a man may turn off his wife,—as, for instance, for barrenness, a bad temper,

theft, or any contagious disorder. Divorces are very rare.

The Chinese have the power of selling their daughters to wife to whom they please; and if the father of the girl gives a dowry with her, she is looked upon as the superior female in her husband's house.

Among the Chinese, a son dare not refuse the wife his father has chosen for him, any more than the daughter can refuse the husband her father has chosen for her, even though they are perfect strangers to each other.

In THIBET the marriage ceremonies are neither tedious nor intricate. Their courtships are carried on with little art, and quickly brought to a conclusion. The man makes a proposal to the parents of a damsel, who, if they approve of the match, repair to his house, where the male and female friends of both parties meet and carouse for three days, having music, dancing, &c. ; at the expiration of which time the marriage is complete. The priests of Thibet have no share in the contract, as they studiously shun the company of women. Mutual consent is their only bond of union ; but the husband or wife cannot separate themselves, unless, indeed, the same sentiment which joined them induce a separation ; and in those cases they are not at liberty to form a new alliance. Incontinency is punished by stripes in the woman, and by a pecuniary fine in the man.

Among the CALMUCS the ceremony of marriage is performed on horseback. The girl is first mounted, and rides off at full speed. Her lover pursues; and if he overtakes her she becomes his wife, and the marriage is consummated on the spot. They then return to his tent. It sometimes happens that the woman does not wish to be married to the man who pursues her; in which case she will not suffer him to overtake her; and we are assured, that no instance occurs of a Calmuc girl being overtaken, unless she has a partiality for her pursuer.

It is a frequent practice with the Calmucs to betroth their children while the mother is yet pregnant, on condition of its being a girl,—the father having the absolute power of disposing of his daughters in marriage; but they generally give for their dowry as much as they received for their price.

When a MINGRELIAN wishes to take a wife, he must purchase her. A tolerably good price is given for a virgin, and considerably less for a woman who has been divorced. When the contract is made, the couple are immediately at liberty to cohabit together previous to payment of the money. They can divorce their wives either for barrenness or ill-nature.

A most extraordinary custom prevails among the VIZRES,—a powerful tribe occupying an extensive district in Cabul, among the mountains between Persia and India. It is, in fact, a female prerogative that

has no parallel among any other people upon the earth, and that reverses what we are in the habit of considering the natural order of things,—the women choose their husbands, and not the husbands their wives. If a woman be pleased with a man, she sends the drummer of the camp to pin a handkerchief to his cap, with a pin which she has used to fasten her hair. The drummer watches his opportunity, and does this in public, naming the woman ; and the man is obliged to marry if he can pay her price to her father.

In PERSIA, when the parents of a young man have determined upon marrying him, they look out among their kindred and acquaintance for a proper match. They then go to the house where the female lives. If her father approves, he orders sweetmeats to be brought ; which is a direct sign of compliance. After this, the usual presents on the part of the bridegroom are made, which, if the person be in middling circumstances, generally consist of two complete suits of apparel of the best sort, a ring, a looking-glass, and a small sum in money, which is to provide for her in case of a divorce. The contract is witnessed by the cadi or magistrate. On the wedding-night, the bride is brought forth, covered from head to foot in a veil of red silk, or painted muslin ; a horse is then sent by the bridegroom for her to mount. A looking-glass is held before her all the way to the bridegroom's house by one of the bridemaids, as an admonition to her that it is the last time she will look therein a virgin.

A numerous procession follows; and the rejoicings generally last for eight or ten days.

Men marry either for life or for a determined time. Travellers or merchants, who intend staying any time, generally apply to the magistrate for a wife during their residence; when the *cadi*, for a stated gratuity, produces a number of girls, whom he declares to be honest and healthy; and he becomes surety for them. It is said that, among thousands, there is not one instance of dishonesty during the time agreed upon.

The Persians may marry four wives, and keep as many concubines as they please. The women, indeed, are generally treated and considered as little better than slaves, being absolutely prisoners; and, among the lower order, they till the land, plant rice, and do every kind of field as well as domestic work; while their husbands go to market, smoke their pipe, or saunter idly about.

In HINDOSTAN, they marry in their childhood; and some of the higher ranks of Gentoos take several wives. The little bride and bridegroom are carried through the streets for several successive nights, dressed in the most elegant style—the houses being, at the same time, illuminated—and preceded by their relatives and friends, with music playing, and streamers flying. They all proceed to the house of the bride's father; and the little couple being seated opposite to each other, separated by a table, across which they join their hands, the priest puts a kind of hood upon

the head of each, and supplicating Heaven to prosper them, they receive the nuptial benediction, and thus concludes the ceremony.

The BRAHMINS marry their children very young, especially the richer persons,—many about their eighth year, and some in their fifth. A Brahmin takes especial notice of all things that he meets with in the way when he is going to choose a wife for his son ; and as often as he meets anything that is ominous or unfortunate, so often he returns and defers his intent. After the consent of both parties is obtained, a day is appointed for the celebration of the marriage ; and they are very particular in choosing what they esteem a lucky day. When the day is come, they kindle the fire *homam*,—which is made with the wood of a consecrated tree, called *rausittona*,—and a priest repeats several prayers. After this, the bridegroom takes three handfuls of rice, which he throws on the bride's head, who does the same to him ; which done, the bride's father, according to his circumstances, adorns the bride, and also washes the feet of the bridegroom, and puts ornaments upon him. Then the father, taking his daughter by the hand, puts it into the water with which he washed the bridegroom's feet, and, in the name of God, gives him the money ; at the same time saying : “I have nothing more to do with you ; I hereby give her to you.” When the father gives his daughter's hand to the bridegroom, he also gives a jewel, called *sali*,—which has the golden head of an

idol fixed to it, suspended by a string, and is shewn to all present. After some prayers and good wishes, it is tied round the bride's neck by the hands of the bridegroom; by which the marriage is confirmed.

In CEYLON, the marriage ceremonies of the Singalese are somewhat similar to those of many of the Tartar tribes. The man first sends to her whom he wishes to become his wife to purchase her clothes, which she freely sells for a stipulated sum. In the evening he carries them to her, remains with her all night, and, in the morning, they appoint the day of marriage; on which he provides two courses,—one for the friends of each party. The feast is held at the bride's dwelling, where the couple eat out of the same dish, their thumbs are tied together, and they remain together that night. On the following morning, they go to the bridegroom's house,—which concludes the ceremony. Afterwards, the husband eats alone, the wife all the time waiting upon him; and when he is done, then she is allowed to sit down, and her children with her, to partake of what is left.

The reason of their purchasing the bride's clothes is, that she and her relations may be satisfied with respect to the man's circumstances, as she always asks as much as she thinks requisite for them to begin the world with.

When a lady of the isle of JAVA marries, she throws all her dolls, childish trinkets, &c., into the fire, to

evinced her determination of becoming a woman. The company then congratulate her on her marriage, and make her several valuable presents, to recompense her for those she has destroyed.

The Javanese are so very jealous of their wives, that they will not permit their grown-up sons to see their own mothers.

In EGYPT, marriages are not, as in Europe, permanent contracts. If a man is desirous of parting from his wife, he goes before the judge, declares in his presence that he puts her from him; and when the four months' probation, enjoined by the law, are expired, he returns the wealth she brought, and the portion stipulated in the marriage-contract. If they have children, the husband retains the boys, and the wife the girls; they are then free, and may marry elsewhere. Contracts are made for the young men by their relations, as they meet most of the young women of the city at the baths, whom they perfectly describe; and the choice being made, the alliance is proposed to the father of the female, the portion specified; and if he consents, they make him presents. The following day, the same persons go to the house of the bride, and tear her, as it were, violently away from the arms of her mother. She is then triumphantly conveyed to the house of her bridegroom.

The procession usually begins in the evening; dancers go before, and, if a person of rank, numerous slaves display the effects destined to the bride's use;

numbers of dancing girls keep time with their instruments, and the young bride appears under a magnificent canopy, borne by four slaves, and entirely covered by a veil embroidered with gold, pearls, and diamonds. A long file of flambeaux illuminate the procession; and the almehs, in chorus, occasionally sing verses in praise of the bride and bridegroom. On their arrival at the house of the latter, the men and women repair to separate apartments,—those of the women being so constructed that they can see what is passing in the men's. The almehs descend and display their ability and address in dances and pantomimical representations suitable to the occasion; this ended, they chaunt, in chorus, the epithalamium, extolling the allurements of the bride. During the ceremony she passes several times before the bridegroom to display her wealth and elegance. The guests having retired, the husband enters the nuptial chamber, the veil is removed, and, for the first time, he beholds his wife. The inferior classes observe the same ceremonies, except that the procession is not so pompous.

In the PHILIPPINES, when once a young man has informed his father and mother that he has a predilection for a young Indian girl, his parents pay a visit to the girl's parents upon some fine evening; and after some very ordinary chat, the mamma of the young man offers a piaster to the mamma of the young lady. Should the future mother-in-law accept it, the young

lover is admitted, and then his future mother-in-law is sure to go to spend the very same piaster in betel and cocoa-wine. During the greater portion of the night, the whole company assembled upon the occasion chew betel, drink cocoa-wine, and converse upon all subjects but marriage. The young men never make their appearance till the piaster has been accepted, because, in that case, they look upon it as being the *avant courier* to marriage. On the next day, the young man pays a visit to the mother, father, and other relations of his affianced bride. There he is received as one of the family. He sleeps there, he lodges there, takes a part in all the labours, and most particularly in those depending upon the young men's superintendence. He now undertakes a service or task that lasts, more or less, two, three, or four years; during which time he must look well to himself; for if anything be found out against him, he is discarded, and never more can pretend to the hand of her he would espouse. Very often the father of the young girl, in order to keep in his service a man who costs him nothing, keeps on this state of servitude indefinitely, and sometimes dismisses him who has served him for two or three years, and takes another under the same title of *prétendant*, or lover. But it also frequently happens, that if the two lovers grow impatient for the celebration of the marriage ceremony, some day or other the young girl takes the young man by the hair, and presenting him to the curate of the village, tells him she has just run away with her lover, therefore they must be married. The

wedding ceremony then takes place without the consent of the parents.

. In some parts of INDIA the following is the marriage ceremony:—The bride and bridegroom go into the water with a cow and a calf, and an old priest. The man holds his hand by the priest's hand, and the woman's hand by the man's, and all have the cow by the tail. They pour water out of a brass pot on the cow's tail, and then the priest ties him and her together by their clothes; then they give to the Brahmin the cow and the calf. Then they go to diverse other idols, and give money, and then go their way. The money given to the idols is taken by the priest.

In the FEEJEAN ISLANDS polygamy is common. Every man has as many wives as he can afford to keep. The higher chiefs sometimes have from one to two hundred, but the middling classes content themselves with ten or a dozen; and the poor *Kai-si* is unable to indulge in the luxury of more than one. Wives are procured by making presents to the parents, or by capturing them from a hostile tribe. The marriage ceremony is performed by the priests, who enjoin upon the parties the duty of loving, honouring, and obeying,—very much in the same manner as in civilized countries. When a chief dies, some of his wives are usually strangled, either with or without their consent, and buried with him. The women are the mere slaves of their husbands, and beaten by them

at pleasure. From fear, rather than affection, they are generally faithful.

The domestic life of the aborigines of NEW ZEALAND is thus described by Mr. Williams, at one period a member of the legislative council of that colony : “The New Zealanders do not seem to possess the domestic affections in an eminent degree. In general they appear to care little for their wives. Not that they are unkind to them, or that they deem them inferior, and therefore not worthy of attention ; but it seems to result rather from a want of that sympathy between the sexes which is the source of the delicate attention paid by the male to the female in most civilized countries. They have no courtship, nor any marriage ceremonies beyond the mere conducting of the lady by her lover to his hut. A chief can, in effect, take any unmarried female he may choose. Their laws do not openly acknowledge his power to do so ; but they permit him to take her by force if he can, and she then becomes his lawful wife. If she, however, is aware of his intentions, and does not think proper to yield, her friends will protect her as far as they can. Parents not unfrequently betroth their children in infancy ; and a woman, in such a case, becomes tapued to her future husband, and to him alone ; nor can any other person make proposals to her even though he should die—a law which has a considerable influence on the population. In these cases of forced marriages, the females are not beaten or maltreated

as the New Hollanders are under similar circumstances. On obtaining his wife, it is a common practice for the husband to make a present to her parents, whether the marriage has been a forced or a voluntary one. The slaves are allowed to marry as they please; but they are not permitted to take wives by force, this privilege being reserved for their masters alone. Wives are usually chosen from a different tribe,—partly from inclination, and partly with a view to the increase of the power and influence of the individual, as the husband is always considered to belong to his wife's tribe, and may rise from inferior to superior rank accordingly. A chief is permitted to have as many wives as he thinks proper,—a license which is very generally taken advantage of. The Christian natives have been induced to put away all the supernumeraries; indeed, some of them have become such sincere converts as to preach as well as practice the duty of entire celibacy. However many wives a chief may have, there is always one amongst them who is the favourite, or wife-in-chief; or, should rival claimants divide the empire, separate establishments will be provided for them. In this there may seem to lurk the seeds of jealousy; but the wives appear to make no objection to the number of their competitors,—not because they cannot prevent it, but because they are destitute of those feelings which characterize the females of other countries.”—*Brown's New Zealand and its Aborigines.*

Among the peasantry of the ALPS of SAVOY, marriages are attended with much festivity and ceremony. In these mountains when a young man is first admitted to spend the evening at the house of a maid to whom he wishes to pay his addresses, he watches the arrangement of the fire-place, where several billets of wood are blazing. If the fair one lifts up one of the billets, and places it upright against the side of the fire-place, it is a sign she does not approve of her suitor. If she leaves the blazing wood undisturbed, the young man may be sure of her consent. The preliminaries of the contract are soon arranged. The bridegroom makes a present to his betrothed as a pledge of his sincerity, and the following Saturday the contract is signed. At the marriage festival, twenty-four hours are passed in rejoicings; for this is the most important event in the life of these simple mountaineers. The parish church, often at a great distance from the various hamlets scattered on the mountain-sides, is the only place of meeting in these districts. There, once a-week, the various families see each other's faces. After a week's separation from all the rest of mankind, amidst wild solitudes, where nothing is heard but the noise of the torrent, and the roar of the storm, the sound of the church-bell has a peculiar charm, and the meeting at church is a real festival. Accordingly, the Savoyards take particular care of their churches, which, even in the poorest and most mountainous parishes, are neat, and often handsome, and

kept in good repair, whilst their own habitations are rudely constructed, and often dilapidated.

In SIAM the marriage declaration on the part of the gentleman is made by means of a rose and a white dove, as shewn in the following interesting extract from *Neale's Narrative of a Residence at the Capital of the King of Siam* :—

“One of the lord high admirals took it into his head to increase his wealth and connexions by a marriage, and fell straight in love with the daughter of the Praklan,—not that he had ever seen the fair damsel in question, but he had heard her beauties described by his mother,—an old lady remarkably similar in face and shape to one of Macbeth's witches. I speak from experience, for I have often seen the old lady in question ; (not the witch, but the mother of Consett.) Well, this old lady had filled Consett's head with very many accounts of the fair one in question : she was compared to a young and timid doe, trembling at the sight of a man from behind her muffling veils, (for the higher classes go about covered like Turkish women,) as a doe would at the sight of a royal tiger ; her eyebrows were only to be equalled in *beauty* and blackness by a couple of leeches. Of course her eyes were diamonds—her teeth highly polished ebony—and as for her hair, no cockatoo could boast of such a tuft. Her accomplishments were ladylike and pleasing for a Siamese ; she swam like an alligator—sung like a bulbul (one with a bad cold, I imagine)

—danced to the music of the reed instrument—and never ceased chewing betel-nut, having always a quid in her left cheek. The possession of such a treasure must needs be of very great importance to a Siamese gentleman, and consequently no time was to be lost in securing her. Under these circumstances the old mother was immediately despatched with a snow-white pigeon and a rose, to be laid at the feet of the young lady, in the name of her son. If the young lady was agreeable, (and I never heard of any one getting *jew-abbet*,—i. e., refused in Siam,) then the rose was placed in her bosom, and the pigeon was liberated. The anxious lover and his friends, being on the look-out in their garden, hail the return of the bird with loud acclamations and other demonstrations of joy, and pass that day and the three following in merry-making and riot. The father, as soon as he is made acquainted with the circumstance, orders his state canoe, and pays a visit to the intended bridegroom. Not the slightest allusion is made on either side to the all-important questions at issue. The son-in-law that is to be, receives his distinguished guest with all becoming honours—a *feu de joie* of musketry is fired on his arrival—something is said about a white pigeon having flown over from his house—and then the merry-making and festivity are pursued with great hilarity. Whilst this is going on at the happy man's house, the affianced lady receives the congratulatory visits of all her female acquaintance, and, like all oriental ladies, a great deal of weeping

and wailing takes place ; for they dearly love tears, do the Siamese ladies."

The lovers sign, the priest witnesses the signature, the bride is brought home, and the seriousness of everyday marriage begins.

Besides the legal wife, the Siamese husband may have others, whose children, however, are not legitimate, and may be sold as slaves.

In Pegu, the women are bought, and generally only for a stipulated time.

IN MOUNT LEBANON, some peculiar customs mark the nuptials of the peasantry. "A few days before the marriage takes place, the peasant takes a propitiatory present of fowls, coffee, or sugar, to his landlord or feudal chief, and asks permission to perform the ceremony. A week is spent in rejoicings at his own home by the bridegroom, who all this time wears a pelisse of honour sent him by his landlord;—by the bride, in preparations for her nuptials. On the day fixed, usually on a Sunday, the bridegroom's relations come for the bride,—when all her connexions make presents, varying from one to five shillings each ; which are collected in a purse and given to the bride before she leaves the paternal roof. She takes her farewell by kissing the hands of all the male members of her family in succession. The procession is now formed, and moves on at the slowest rate possible ; the bride walking or riding, according to circumstances, closely

veiled. A halt is made every five minutes, when the party sing songs accompanied by music, while some perform the sword-dance. An hour is sometimes taken up in traversing a hundred yards. This uncommonly tedious rate of advancing is intended to indicate that the bride is in no extraordinary haste to reach her future husband, and is a part of that characteristic reserve and modesty, whether real or fictitious, which distinguishes the sex on all such occasions in the East. If the party has to go through a village on their route, the bride keeps her hand to her head, which is bashfully held down all the time occupied in passing through,—thus respectfully saluting the inhabitants, who, on their parts, sprinkle her with corn and raisins. On reaching her future home, the bride flings a pomegranate amongst the party; which is greedily snapped up and partitioned by the young men, and is supposed to give the marriage infection. As she crosses the threshold, she takes out of her bosom a piece of yeast, which she has brought from her father's house, and sticks it firmly on the door-post,—signifying thereby her resolution to cleave closely to her husband; the latter, at the same moment, standing on the roof, exactly above the door, with a drawn sword over her head,—emblematical of the absolute sway which he is to hold over her throughout life.”—*Churchill's Mount Lebanon.*

The CHEROKEE marriage ceremony is very expres-

sive—the man and woman joining hands over a running water, indicating that their life may flow on in one stream.

In AFRICA, a young woman, an intended bride, brought a little water in a calabash, and kneeling down before her lover, desired him to wash his hands; when he had done this, the girl, with a tear of joy sparkling in her eyes, drank the water. This was considered as the greatest proof she could give of her fidelity and attachment.

At STOCKHOLM, when persons are betrothed, their banns are published in church; and when they are to be married, it is announced from the pulpit and put in the papers. The people then know when there is to be a wedding, and they gather at the house to look at the bride. If she did not shew herself, they would call out for her; so when she is dressed for the ceremony, and has her crown on, she must stand at a window, or in the tambour, or salong, or wherever she can be seen; and then the doors are open, and whoever likes comes and looks at her. It is fatiguing, for she may have to stand for two hours to be looked at, or just so long as there are people to come. They do not like this, and sometimes get away to a country church to be married in private.—*Bunberry's Life in Sweden.*

In a book entitled *Pictures from St. Petersburg*, in the Traveller's Library, is the following account of a yearly custom in that capital when young ladies are

paraded for choice, as wares are exposed on a shop-keeper's counter for inspection and sale :—

“The summer garden of St. Petersburg possesses another attraction, which it shares with no other that I am aware of, save with the garden of the Tuileries at Paris. Like the chesnut-shaded avenues of the Tuileries, this garden is the afternoon resort of crowds of the most charming children, who repair thither, escorted by their mothers and nurses, to people the solitary walks, and make the shrubberies resound with their innocent mirth. Fifteen or sixteen years later, these children reappear upon the same scene ; but this time with less artless intentions, and to play a more perilous game. On Whitsuntide afternoon are there to be seen ranged in long rows, dressed in their best, and often bedecked with costly jewels, the daughters of the middle class of Petersburgers. Matrimony is the object of the display. It is a show of brides. Young bachelors disposed to marry now walk up and down the line of damsels, critically inspecting them as they pass. Should their eye indicate that they have made a choice, a matchmaking friend of the young lady's steps out of the rear rank, joins the would-be wooer, and takes a stroll with him through the garden, informing him of the girl's circumstances, of her family, dowry, housewifely qualities, &c., and obtaining from him similar information concerning himself. Should they so far come to an understanding that the consent of the lady and her parents alone remains to be obtained, the matchmaker conducts the candidate to the mother ;

who introduces him to her daughter, invites him to her house, and a wedding is the most usual result of the acquaintance thus singularly commenced. Odd as it may seem, experience daily proves that these marriages, originating entirely in the pleasing impression and sympathy awakened by a first glance, are, for the most part, productive of much happiness."

RACING FOR WIVES.

The Elk nation in America raised vast mounds. Five of them were appropriated to matrimonial ceremonies. The prophets, perceiving that compulsory matrimonial unions engendered strife, instituted a ceremony by which females might have power to escape unwilling thralldom, without infringing on the right of the parent to bestow the child. The ceremonial consisted in running the ring or circular trail around the matrimonial mounds, that were slightly elevated, and made level and smooth. During the annual feasts, the resident prophet occupied the summit of the prophet's matrimonial altar from day-dawn to sunrise, and from sunset until the close of twilight. At these times, those wishing to unite in matrimony might appear at the matrimonial altar dedicated to the nation of which they were members. On the appearance of a male at the base of the altar, the prophet ascended it, and the suitor took a position east of the altar and at its centre,—the female took hers on the west. All being now ready, the prophet commands the man to pursue his bride. They both start at

full speed ; and if she is overtaken before she makes three circuits of the altar, she is his bride ; otherwise, he may not receive her in marriage.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE AMONG THE JEWS.

There is a great antipathy among the Jewish people to celibacy. The rabbins teach that every Jew ought to marry, and that early. This is founded upon the command in Genesis i. 28 : “ Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth.” The proper age generally recommended is from Bar Mitsvah to eighteen. This rule, however, is not strictly kept by the British Jews—they frequently marry at a similar age to that of their Gentile neighbours. The restriction in intercourse among the two sexes, and other circumstances in Jewish society, have given rise to a class of persons called *Shadchanim*, whose business it is to act as match-makers. The *Shadchan*, after selecting the parties, and settling the affair in his own mind, makes the first proposals to the parents or guardians ; and if approved of on both sides, the young couple begin their courtship. The *Shadchan* is not so much in request as formerly, nor as he yet is in some other countries on the Continent, as most marriages here are from mutual affection.—*Mill's British Jews*.

MOORISH MARRIAGES.

The Tunisians, especially females, as well Mohammedan as Jewish, marry very young ; it is not

an uncommon thing to see young boys of thirteen or fourteen married to girls of eleven or twelve, and sometimes even under that age. They are joined together on the good faith of their parents or relations; for they are never permitted to see each other before the nuptial night. There are, however, certain persons sent from the man, who examine the lady, and give him a faithful report of her bodily accomplishments. They are generally old women, relations of the parties. If the man finds himself disappointed, he has a right to send her away without giving her the portion that was promised her, or, rather, the price that was to be paid for her, as the wife is bought by the husband.

After the documents have been legally signed by the Kadi, it becomes the man's business to take home his bride. There is generally a great exhibition of the articles which she brings to her husband, both of furniture and dress. These effects are placed upon horses or mules, and paraded through the streets. The bride next proceeds to the bath, accompanied by slaves, and her nearest relations, with great pomp. The procession proceeds very slowly—a band of their sweet national musicians, and many women and boys, with their loud cries of *lu-lu-lu-lu*, follow them. This is always done at night. The bride is then paraded, with great ceremonies, to the house of the bridegroom, and brought into a separate part of the house, where she entertains her female friends, whilst he does the same to his male ones, till the time comes for the com-

pany to break up, and for introducing the new couple to each other.

Feasts are continued for many days after the marriage. Amongst the poorest they last seven days. They are generally no losers by these entertainments, as it is customary for those invited to bring suitable presents, which sometimes amount to a great deal.

In a country where the woman is taught neither reading nor writing—where the cultivation of her mind is entirely neglected—where her faculties are only fixed upon ornaments, dress, and food—where, in short, she is on a level with the brute creation—considered as a “useful and necessary animal,” it is no wonder that superstition has its sway over their minds.

The HIGHLANDERS give dowers according to their means,—cattle, provisions, farm-stocking, &c.; and where the parents are unable to provide sufficiently, it is customary in Scotland for a newly-married couple to “thig,” or collect grain, &c., from their neighbours; by which means they procure as much as will serve for the first year, and often more. The portion of a bride is called a tocher. The wedding feasts are scenes of great mirth and hospitality. It is often the case that they are “siller bridals,”—otherwise, those in which the parties are paid for the entertainment; which is sometimes resorted to as a means of raising a few pounds to begin the world with; but the feasts are generally free, and consist of an abundance of everything.—*Logan's Scottish Gael*, vol. ii., p. 358.

MODES OF SALUTATION.

IN ICELAND, says Madame Ida Pfeiffer, the true national salutation is a hearty kiss. That adventurous female traveller thus describes a scene at the little village of Struvellir, when service was over at church, on a Sunday that she happened to be there :—"The people poured out of the church,—I counted ninety-six, which is an extraordinarily numerous assemblage for Iceland,—formed into little groups, chatting and joking; not forgetting, however, to moisten their throats with brandy, of which they had taken care to bring an ample supply. Then they bridled their horses, and prepared for departure; now the kisses poured in from all sides; and there was no end of leave-taking, for the poor people do not know whether they shall ever meet again, and when. In all Iceland, welcome and farewell are expressed by a loud kiss,—a practice not very delightful for a non-Icelander, when one considers their ugly, dirty faces, the snuffy noses of the old people, and the filthy little children. But the Icelanders do not mind this. They all kissed the priest, and the priest kissed them; and then they kissed each other, till the kissing seemed to have no end. Rank is not considered in this ceremony; and I was not a little surprised to see how my guide, a common farm-labourer, kissed the six daughters of a judge, or the wife and children of a priest, or a judge

and the priest themselves, and how they returned the compliment without reserve. Every country has its peculiar customs."

The Laplanders press their noses firmly together.

When the SAMOAN salutes a friend or visitor, he takes his hand and rubs the back of it against his own nose.

In TAHITI, and particularly in the Society and Friendly Islands, persons touch the ends of each other's noses. This salutation is returned by each rubbing the hand of the other on his own nose and mouth. The Tahitian presents a person whom he chooses for a friend sometimes with a part of his dress, sometimes with the whole. Modern civilization has introduced considerable changes upon these customs.

The inhabitants of NEW GUINEA cover the heads of those they salute with leaves,—an action which is also regarded as a sign of peace.

In the SANDWICH ISLANDS they take each other by the hand, rub their noses together, and, at the same time, utter the word *aloha*, in a low wailing tone.

In the Union group, consisting of the three islands of Oatafu, Nukunono, and Fakaafo, or Bowditch Island, when they salute each other, or a stranger, they rub noses and chins together, and encircle the

neck with their arms, uttering, at the same time, a low wail; like the *aloha* of the Sandwich islander.

. In most GERMAN countries it is an act of politeness to kiss the hands of ladies ; but in Italy, and in Great Britain, this is regarded as a mark of familiarity, which is permitted only to the nearest relations. On the contrary, the Russian ladies allow not only the hand to be kissed, but even the forehead, and would consider themselves insulted by the omission of this ceremony.

• In one of the larger CYCLADES, in the Archipelago, which are inhabited mostly by Greeks, in saluting, persons reciprocally moisten each other's hair. The Turk crosses his hands, places them upon his breast, and bows.

The salutation of the HINDOOS in Bengal consists in touching the forehead with the right hand, and bending the head forwards. They first place the right hand on the breast with a profound inclination, then touch the ground, and finally the forehead, with the same hand. At the same time, they call themselves the most humble slaves of him whom they salute.

The salutations in the EAST generally bear the stamp of a slavish mind. The very ancient custom of throwing one's self on the ground before persons of distinction, and repeatedly kissing their feet, has con-

tinued to the present time. At an entertainment in Persia, the host goes a considerable distance to meet his guests, bids them welcome with the most respectful compliments, then returns hastily to the door of his house, and waits their arrival, to repeat the same demonstrations of respect.

In CHINA, if two persons meet on horseback, the inferior in rank dismounts from his horse before the superior, and remains standing until he has passed. Some salutations are also peculiar to men, and others to women. When acquaintances meet, they join their hands upon their breasts, or above their heads, bend their head a little, and say, *Tsin, tsin*,—a compliment without any particular signification. In saluting persons to whom they owe more respect, they clap their hands, then raise them, and finally let them sink down to the ground. Friends who meet after a long separation, fall repeatedly upon their knees, and bend their faces to the ground, exclaiming, at the same time, "*Na fo?*"—"Has all passed happily?" or, "*Yung fo!*"—"Happiness is painted upon thy countenance." Women salute each other with the words, "*Van fo!*"—"May all happiness be with you!" They are not, however, allowed to salute men. Children fall on their knees before their parents, and servants before their master or mistress.

They have also a kind of ritual, or "Academy of Compliments," by which they regulate the number of bows, genuflexions, and words to be spoken upon any

occasion. Ambassadors practice these ceremonies forty days before they appear at court.

The common salutation in the southern provinces of China, amongst the lower orders, is "*Ya tan?*"—"Have you eaten your rice?"

In JAPAN, the inferior of two persons saluting takes off his sandals, puts his right hand into his left sleeve, permits his hands, thus crossed, to sink slowly upon his knee, passes the other person with short, measured steps, and a rocking motion of the body, and exclaims, with a fearful countenance: "*Augh, augh!*"—"Do not hurt me!"

In SIAM, the inferior throws himself on the ground before his superior. The latter then sends one of his attendants, who are very numerous in the case of persons of distinction, to examine whether he has eaten, or carries with him, anything of an offensive smell. If this is the case, he receives a kick from the superior, and is compelled to retire immediately; if otherwise, the servant lifts him up. Women, even though advanced in years, are saluted with the names of the most beautiful and most precious objects; but not without the additional word *young*,—as, "young diamond," "young gold," "young heaven," "young flower," &c. If friends wish to express their mutual attachment, they scratch their hand slightly, and reciprocally suck a drop of blood from the wound.

In CEYLON, when the natives salute, they raise the palm of the hand to the forehead, and make a low bow. Before a superior, they throw themselves upon the ground, continually repeating his name and dignity, while the superior very gravely passes on, and hardly deigns to utter a word of reply.

The greeting of the common ARABIAN is, "*Salâm aleikum!*"—"Peace be with you!"—a salutation which has been long in use among the Jews. At the same time, he places his left hand upon his breast, as a sign that this wish comes from his heart. The reply is, "*Aleikum essalâm!*"—"With you be peace!" Arabians of distinction embrace each other two or three times, kiss each other's cheeks, and inquire two or three times after each other's health; at the same time, each kisses his own hand. The Arabians of the desert shake hands six or eight times. In the province of Yemen, persons of distinction, after a long refusal, allow their fingers to be kissed.

The ABYSSINIANS fall on their knees, and kiss the ground.

In AFRICA, in several negro nations, they take each other's hands, and pull the fingers till they crack. The negroes of Sierra Leone bend the right elbow, so that the hand touches the mouth; the person saluted does the same; they then put their thumb and forefinger together, and withdraw them slowly. Other negroes

snap their fingers in meeting each other, pull the comb out of their hair, and replace it. In Lower Guinea, the saluting person seizes the fingers of the saluted, brings them into a particular position, presses them, cracks them hastily, calling, "*Akkio ! akkio !*"—"Thy servant ! thy servant !" On the Gold Coast of Upper Guinea friends embrace each other, join the forefingers of their right hands until they crack, bend their heads, repeating, "*Auzi ! auzi !*"—"Good day ! good day !" Persons of distinction, after cracking the fingers, exclaim, "*Bere ! bere !*"—"Peace ! peace !" If the Mandingoes salute a female, they take her hand, raise it to their nose, and smell it twice.

In MOROCCO, foreigners are saluted by the Moors on horseback in a manner which may well startle those not accustomed to it. The Moor rides full speed towards the stranger, as if about to run him down ; he then suddenly stops, and discharges his pistol over the stranger's head. Persons of equal rank salute each other nearly in the European way. They shake hands, and kiss each other's face and beard, particularly if they are friends.

The EGYPTIANS extend their hands, place them upon their breast, and bend their heads. The greatest act of politeness is, to kiss their own hand, and afterwards place it upon their heads. They only kiss the hand of men of distinction, not of women. Inferior officers hold the stirrup of their superiors mounting on horse-

back. In the divan, the inferior takes off the slipper of the superior, places it by his side, and receives the same salutation from the latter.

The usual salutation at CAIRO is, "How do you sweat?"—a dry hot skin being a sure indication of a destructive ephemeral fever.

In other countries of AFRICA people take off their clothes, fall on their knees, bend their heads to the ground, and cover their head and shoulders with sand.

The ETHIOPIANS seize the right hand of him to whom they wish to shew respect, and raise it to their mouth. They even take his sash and tie it round their waist, so that he remains for some time half-naked.

The inhabitants of the MANILLAS bend the body profoundly, place their hands upon their cheeks, raise one leg, and bend the knee.

The people of LAMURZEC, in the Pelew islands, seize the hand, or even the foot of the person whom they wish to salute, and rub their face with it.

In the island of SUMATRA, the saluting person bows, begs the left foot of him whom he addresses, kneels on the ground, and applies this foot to his crown, forehead, breast, and knee; finally, he touches the

ground with his head, and remains for some moments stretched out.

. The salutations between the different tribes in the north-west of AMERICA are very ceremonious. If two hordes of these savages meet, they stop at the distance of twenty or thirty steps, throw themselves on the ground, and remain for some moments in this position. The two eldest of each party then advance, and relate very circumstantially the dangers they have encountered. As soon as they have finished their narratives, they all begin to sigh. These sighs are finally changed into a horrible yell, in which the young girls particularly endeavour to surpass the others of the tribe. With these affecting manifestations of sympathy, both parties approach, but each sex separately. Tobacco pipes are handed about, and their affliction is soon changed into merriment.

The manner in which the inhabitants of SOUTH AMERICA salute each other is short. Their address is, "*Ama re ka*,"—"Thou;" and the answer, "*A*,"—"Yes."

The savage of LOUISIANA territory, when saluting a person of distinction, begins a loud howl. In the hut he repeats the salutation, holding his hands above his head, and howling three times. He returns thanks with another howl; when the superior invites him, with a low sigh, to sit down.

LAPLANDERS apply their noses strongly against the persons they salute.

The inhabitants of the PHILIPPINES bend very low, placing their hands on their cheeks, and raise one foot in the air with the knee bent.

The DUTCH, who are considered to be great eaters, have a morning salutation common amongst all ranks: "*Smaa-akelyk eeten!*"—"May you eat a hearty dinner!" another is: "*Hoe vaart awe!*"—"How do you sail?" adopted, no doubt, in the early periods of the republic, when they were all navigators and fishermen.

Some author has observed, in contrasting the haughty SPANIARD with the frivolous FRENCHMAN, that the proud steady gait and inflexible solemnity of the former were expressed in his mode of salutation: "*Come esth?*"—"How do you stand?" whilst the "*Comment vous portez vous?*"—"How do you carry yourself?" was equally significant of the gay motion and incessant action of the latter; as the ENGLISH, "How do you do?" indicates the practical and active character of our own nation.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

IN NEW ZEALAND funeral ceremonies are noisy enough, —a few rounds of musketry being always regarded as a *sine qua non*. When a chief dies, unusual attention is paid to the rites of sepulture. A small canoe is cut through the middle, and the two sections being joined together, the body is placed in the cavity. These receptacles of the departed chiefs are painted some bright colour, and ornamented with feathers. Instead of being deposited in the ground, however, they are placed beneath sheds, round about which are fence inclosures.

In *A Sketcher's Tour Round the World*, is the following account of the funerals of the MALAYS. After describing them as very fond of music, and pretty good performers, the writer goes on to say: "They even have music at their funerals, and a large band accompanies the procession through the streets. During my stay at Manilla, there was a great mortality among the children, and some were buried every day. One day I met four little boys running along, laughing, and swinging a basket between them, and, to my surprise, discovered that the basket contained a dead child strewn over with flowers. I saw another dead child interred with more ceremony. The procession was headed by a brass band, preceding a sort of platform ornamented with ribbons and flowers, carried

on the shoulders of several men, and surrounded by a canopy, beneath which the dead child was seated on a wooden horse, its back supported by a piece of wood, while its head swung about on each side. The spectacle, which struck me with horror, seemed very attractive to the crowded population in the streets.

FUNERALS AT RIO JANEIRO.

One of the most interesting sights to be witnessed in Rio is a funeral, particularly of one of the wealthier classes; for poverty here, as elsewhere, is rarely troubled with ceremony. The body of the humble labourer or artizan is carried to the Misericordia, a hasty prayer is said, a little lime sprinkled over his decaying remains, and he is thrown into a trench with some half-a-dozen others of the same stamp, and left to his long sleep; while his neighbour of distinction is borne to his last resting-place attended with all the pageantry of woe. His body is wrapped in satin robes, and his coffin is decorated with a scarlet pall, ornamented with silver lace and fringe. The latter is placed on a black hearse, overhung with long nodding plumes, and drawn by mules in rich trappings, sometimes covered with silver bells. The driver wears a cocked hat, trimmed with lace, and adorned with a black plume. The hearse is preceded by altar-boys in their church dresses, and surrounded by the black servants of the deceased, all bearing lighted wax candles. Arrived at the church or chapel, where the services are to be performed, the coffin is temporarily

deposited near the altar, and the friends and relatives arrange themselves along the aisles. All the spectators having been furnished with lighted tapers, the priests enter from the sacristy, arrayed in their rich sacerdotal vestments. Clouds of odorous smoke are emitted from the swinging gold and silver censers, and mass and the funeral rites are said from splendidly illuminated service-books. This done, the pall is removed, the coffin opened, and holy water thrown over the dead; after which the body is taken to the place of interment.

A favourite burial-place is the Campo Santo, or cemetery, near the imperial chapel. This is an amphitheatre with high walls, in which the vaults are built, surrounding a flower garden. The coffins are deposited in niches, just large enough for their admission, which are closed up with mason-work.

The SIAMESE—except in cases of pestilence, when death strikes down its thousands—burn their dead. Here is an account of the funeral rites of a rich man, from *Neale's Narrative of a Residence at the Capital of the King of Siam*. The ceremony takes place in the court-yard of the temple,—i. e., “watt.”

“Festoons of flowers hang round the bier, which is usually covered with a richly-worked piece of Indian muslin. Men and women in holiday attire, and a large number of priests, are gathered around the remains of their departed friend, joining in every indecorous demonstration of enjoyment and amusement,

till the propitious hour for the commencement of the last requiem arrives. Meanwhile, nature around wears generally a smiling aspect; the gaudy-built watt, whose lofty and richly inlaid spires are glittering in the rich afternoon sunlight; the various groups of flower-shrubs waving their beautiful boughs to and fro as the cool evening breeze rocks them ever and anon; the tall handsome fruit-trees of the East, clad in rich profusion of foliage, amongst whose many branches birds of fifty plumages are sporting and carolling gaily; the clearness of the sky itself, the cool blue waters of the mighty river that ripples close up to the very spot where all that remains of a once haughty man now lies exposed to the last gaze of that bright nature to whose very brightness he but seldom gave one passing thought;—these, and many other similar circumstances, serve to give the spectacle that solemnity and dread attraction which, beyond doubt, it should ever command. At length the chief talapoin gives the signal that the propitious hour for the ceremonial has at length arrived; the notes of a discordant band now strike up a hideous music; the priests commence repeating prayers and incantations; relations assemble round the bier, which is denuded of its rich coverings; and the body, being lifted from the wooden coffin, is laid, by one of the officiating laity, on the vast pile of combustible matter. Lighted tapers are handed to all those present, without respect to creed or position in life. Each helps to ignite the pile; and the angry flame rears itself proudly in the

air, enveloping shortly all in one thick dense cloud of smoke and fire. Meanwhile, the relatives stand in a circle round the fire, and go through the prescribed ceremonial of tossing their clothes, tied up in small compact bundles, six times over the intensely hot flames, taking alike great precaution that no particle of fire should attach itself to these bundles, or that they should, by any mishap, chance to let them fall to the ground. Meanwhile, the fire blazes on intensely; the crackling of faggots and other things too horrible for the conception ceases; the smoke diminishes; the furnace still continues to emit small streaks of flame at intervals; and so effectually has the incendiarism of the priests been penetrated, that not one atom of that wonderful structure once called a man now exists, save a few handfuls of ashes, which, owing to a sun-dried kiln on which the body lies, have been protected from mingling with the cinders of the numerous other ingredients consumed in the fire."

A curious and disgusting custom prevails at NAPLES in the burial of the dead, the following account of which is given in *N. P. Willis's Summer Cruise in the Mediterranean*:—

"The road, after leaving the campo, runs along the edge of the range of hills enclosing the city; and just below, within a high white wall, lies the public burial-place of Naples. I had read so many harrowing descriptions of this spot, that my curiosity rose as we drove along in sight of it; and, requesting my

friends to set me down, I joined an American of my acquaintance, and we started to visit it together. An old man opened the iron door, and we entered a clean, spacious, and well-paved area, with long rows of iron rings in the heavy slabs of the pavement. Without asking a question, the old man walked across to the farther corner, where stood a moveable lever, and, fastening the chain into the fixture, raised the massive stone cover of a pit. He requested us to stand back for a few minutes to give the effluvia time to escape, and then, sheltering our eyes with our hats, we looked in. You have read, of course, that there are three hundred and sixty-five pits in this place, one of which is opened every day for the dead of the city. They are thrown in without shroud or coffin, and the pit is sealed up at night for a year. They are thirty to forty feet deep, and each would contain perhaps two hundred bodies. Lime is thrown upon the daily heap, and it soon melts into a mass of garbage ; and by the end of the year the bottom of the pit is covered with dry white bones. It was some time before we could distinguish anything in the darkness of the abyss. Fixing my eyes on one spot, however, the outlines of a body became defined gradually ; and in a few minutes, sheltering my eyes completely from the sun above, I could see all the horrors of the scene but too distinctly. Eight corpses, all of grown persons, lay in a confused heap together, as they had been thrown in one after another in the course of the day. The last was a powerfully-made, grey old man, who had fallen flat on

his back, with his right hand lying across and half covering the face of a woman. By his full limbs and chest, and the darker colour of his legs below the knee, he was probably one of the lazzaroni, and had met with a sudden death. His right heel lay on the forehead of a young man, emaciated to the last degree, his chest thrown up as he lay, and his ribs shewing like a skeleton covered with skin. The close black curls of the latter, as his head rested on another body, were in such strong relief that I could have counted them. Off to the right, quite distinct from the heap, in a beautiful attitude, lay a girl, as well as I could judge, of not more than nineteen or twenty,—she had fallen on the pile, and rolled or slid away. Her hair was very long, and covered her left shoulder and bosom; her arm was across her body, and if her mother had laid her down to sleep, she could not have disposed her limbs more decently; the head fallen a little away to the right; and the feet, which were small, even for a lady, were pressed one against the other, as if she was about turning on her side. The sexton said that a young man had come in with the body, and was very ill for some time after it was thrown in. We asked him if respectable people were brought there. ‘Yes,’ he said, ‘many. None but the rich would go to the expense of a separate grave for their relations. People were often brought in handsome grave-clothes; but they were always stripped before they were left. The shroud, whenever there was one, was the perquisite of the undertakers.’ And thus are flung into this noisome

pit, like beasts, the greater part of the population of this vast city,—the young and the old, the vicious and the virtuous together, without the decency even of a rag to keep up the distinctions of life! Can human beings thus be thrown away?—men, like ourselves, women, children, like our sisters and brothers? I never was so humiliated in my life as by this horrid spectacle. I did not think a man, a felon even, or a leper, what you will that is guilty or debased,—I did not think that anything that had been human could be so recklessly abandoned. Pah! It makes one sick at heart! God grant that I may never die at Naples! While we were recovering from our disgust, the old man lifted the stone from the pit destined to receive the dead on the following day. We looked in. The bottom was strewed with bones, already fleshless and dry. He wished us to see the dead of several previous days, but my stomach was already tried to the utmost. We paid our gratuity, and hurried away. A few steps from the gate we met a man bearing a coffin on his head. Seeing that we came from the cemetery, he asked us if we wished to look into it. He set it down, and, the lid opening with a hinge, we were horror-struck with the sight of *seven dead infants!* The youngest was at least three months, the eldest perhaps a year; and they lay heaped together like so many puppies, one or two of them spotted with disease, and all wasted to baby-skeletons. While we were looking at them, six or seven noisy children ran out from a small house at the roadside, and surrounded the coffin. One was a fine

girl of twelve years of age ; and instead of being at all shocked at the sight, she lifted the whitest of the dead things, and looked at its face very earnestly, loading it with the tenderest diminutives of the language.— The others were busy in pointing to those they thought had been prettiest; and none of them betrayed fear or disgust. In answer to a question of my friend about the marks of disease, the man rudely pulled out one by the foot that lay below the rest, and, holding it up to shew the marks upon it, tossed it again carelessly into the coffin. He had brought them from the hospital for infants, and they had died that morning. The coffin was worn with use. He shut down the lid ; and, lifting it again upon his head, went on to the cemetery to empty it, like so much offal, upon the heap we had seen ! I have been struck repeatedly with the little value attached to human life in Italy. I have seen several of these houseless lazzaroni literally dying in the streets, and no one curious enough to look at them. The most dreadful sufferings, the most despairing cries, in the open squares, are passed as unnoticed as the howling of a dog. The day before yesterday, a woman fell in the Toledo, in a fit, frothing at the mouth, and livid with pain ; and though the street was so crowded that one could make his way with difficulty, three or four ragged children were the only persons looking at her.”

SHOWING THE DEAD.

There is a curious custom at the Havanah of laying out bodies in state during the night before burial.

They are placed close to the open window fronting the street, on a couch raised four or five feet from the ground. The corpse is surrounded by high wax tapers, and the whole room illuminated. Frequently, when returning from a *tertulia*, or a ball, I have been startled by seeing the fixed and rigid features of some old gentleman or lady, dressed in their best attire, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots and white neckcloth. I remember one night in particular : I was returning home through one of the by-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding that there was a body lying in state, I went towards it. There, close to the window, so close that I could have touched it through the bars, lay the body of a young girl about fifteen years of age. She was dressed as for a ball, with flowers in her hair, and white satin shoes on her feet ; her hands crossed on her breast, her eyes closed, and her mouth slightly opened ; and altogether her face and expression was one of the most beautiful I ever saw.—*Sullivan's Rambles and Scrambles in North and South America.*

SINGULAR EGYPTIAN TOMBS.

We ascended a few hundred yards up some rocks at Silwa, in order to be opposite a place discovered in going up, and called by us the Valley of Inscriptions. It was a deep cut in the ridge, running in for a great

distance, with here and there figures of the size of life, engraved on the smooth precipices, and a great number of small inscriptions, containing a variety of cartouches, pronounced to be of very old kings. After proceeding some distance, there was a sudden rise in the valley, and an immense sand-drift. We turned to the south, across the hills, and came to a lofty point overlooking the river. Here was a cluster of excavated tombs, some of which had been rifled long ago, but, apparently, not by antiquarians. Others were still closed with large stones and dirt: and curiosity induced me to have the entrance of one of them cleared out, in spite of certain keen compunctions about violating these humble last resting-places. On the very summit of the hill appeared to have been a kind of square building, probably supporting a cupola, like those which now cover sheiks' tombs. Fragments of wrought masonry were scattered round, and a square foundation for the wall cut in the rock, about a foot high, still remained intact. Within this little inclosure we set to work. At first we found only a long trench, in the shape of a coffin, cut out, but empty; but, in a corner, having cleared sand and rubbish to the depth of four or five feet, we came to a rough stone, still apparently in the position in which it had been placed when the tomb had been last used. Having removed this, we crept into a little cave, in which there was scarcely room to stand up, but the flooring of which we found to be composed of many layers of mummies imbedded in sand. Most probably the cave

had at one time been quite full, the space left appearing to be produced by the settling down of the bodies during many thousand years. On examination, the mummies were found to have been laid on a kind of back-board, formed of palm-sticks placed close together, to which they were firmly swathed. There were no paintings of any kind on the cloths, and everything seemed to indicate that we had broken into a tomb reserved for the very humble orders. I have seen a ridiculous calculation somewhere—ridiculous, because based on no sound data whatever—that the cost of mummying a corpse was, in ancient Egypt, from four to two hundred and fifty pounds sterling. May I be allowed to estimate the cost of producing these mummies as having been under three-and-sixpence?—*Bayle St. John's Village Life in Egypt.*

A DANCE OF DEATH.

Aqua-ardiente and dulces were handed round, while all, men and women—the dancers excepted—smoked their cigarillos. But the most remarkable thing in the room seemed to me a large kind of scaffold, which occupied the outer corner opposite the bed, consisting of a light framework, ornamented all over with artificial flowers, little pictures of saints, and a quantity of small lighted wax candles. On the top of it, a most extraordinary well-made wax figure of a little child was seated on a low wooden chair, dressed in a snow-white little frock; the eyes were closed, the pale cheeks

tinged by a soft rosy hue, and the whole figure perfectly strewn with flowers. . . . My neighbours at last remarked the attention with which I looked upon the figure or child, whichever it was; and the nearest one informed me, as far as I could understand him, that the little thing up there was really the child of the woman with the pale face, who was dancing just then so merrily; the whole festivity taking place, in fact, only on account of that little angel. I shook my head doubtfully; and my neighbour, to convince me, took my arm and led me to the frame, where I had to step upon the chair and nearest table, and touch the cheek and hand of the child. It was a corpse! And the mother, seeing I had doubted it, but was now convinced, came up to me, and smilingly told me it had been her child, and was now a little angel in heaven. The guitars and cacas commenced wildly again, and she had to return to the dance. I left the house as in a dream; but afterwards heard the explanation of this ceremony. If a little child—I believe up to four years of age—dies in Chili, it is thought to go straight to heaven, and become a little angel; the mother being prouder of that—before the eyes of the world at least—than if she had reared her child to happy man or womanhood. The mother, whatever the feelings of her heart may be, must laugh, and sing, and dance; she dare not give way to any selfish wishes,—for is not the happiness of her child secured? Poor mother!—*Gerstaecker's Journey Round the World.*

HABITS OF VARIOUS NATIONS.

IN NEW ZEALAND, a fondness for curiosities and ornaments is characteristic of both sexes. Besides tatooing their persons, they bore holes in their ears, in which are inserted small rings of jade or talc, or sharks' teeth; these are tipped with sealing wax, or ornamented with white and red, or other bright coloured feathers. The principal chiefs and their wives wear green talc stones, called *heitikis*, depending from their necks; these are carved so as to resemble a human figure sitting cross-legged. They are held very sacred, and, with the *meïra*—a short cleaver or club—are handed down as heir-looms from father to son. Acquisitiveness is a prominent trait among them; and they are always ready for trading and bartering. They will sell everything they have, even their sacred *heitikis*. At one time a considerable trade was carried on in New Zealand curiosities, which were purchased at the islands, and exported to Australia, Europe, and America. Prominent among the articles of traffic were the tatooed heads of their chiefs, which commanded very high prices; but the supply has been cut off, in consequence of the absolute prohibition of the sale of them by the British authorities.

The New Zealand chiefs, and many of the common people, are polygamists, yet always have one favourite wife. They have their war-dances, and love-

dances, and sometimes sham-fights. These are much like exhibitions of a similar character throughout Polynesia, very picturesque by candle-light, but not bearing the full glare of day, and always tiresome on repetition.

It is customary, however, among the New Zealanders, on almost every occasion of ceremony, be it a funeral festivity, or a dance, to intersperse the proceedings with discharges of fire-arms, the noise produced by which seems to afford them real delight.—*United States' Exploring Expedition*, p. 300.

The TURKS abhor the hat; but uncovering the head, which with us is an expression of respect, is considered by them disrespectful and indecent. No offence is given by keeping on a hat in a mosque; but shoes must be left at the threshold;—the slipper, and not the turban, is removed in token of respect. The Turks turn in their toes; they write from right to left; they mount on the right side of the horse; they follow their guests into a room, and precede them on leaving it; the left hand is the place of honour; they do the honours of the table by serving themselves first; they are great smokers and coffee drinkers; they take the wall and walk hastily, in token of respect; they beckon by throwing back the hand, instead of throwing it towards them; they sleep in their clothes; they deem our short and close dresses indecent—our shaven chins a mark of effeminacy and servitude; they resent an inquiry after their wives as an insult; they eschew

pork as an abomination ; they regard dancing as a theatrical performance, only to be looked at, and not mingled in, except by slaves. Lastly, their mourning habit is white, their sacred colour green ; their Sabbath-day is Friday ; and interment follows immediately on death.

The LAPLANDERS live in huts in the form of tents ; their fire is made upon stones in the middle ; scarcely able to stand upright, they mostly sit upon their heels round the fire. When they are inclined to eat, a carpet is spread on the ground, and the food placed thereon, round which both men and women sit close to the ground.

The CHINESE wear a lock of hair on the crown of their heads, and reduce their eyebrows to an arched line. A Chinese woman is proud of her beauty in proportion to the smallness of her eyes, the protuberance of her lips, the lankness and blackness of her hair, and the smallness of her feet. The last completes the Chinese idea of beauty, and is obtained by pressure when young, and hindering the growth. By the men, corpulence, as the sign of an easy life, is regarded with respect. Lean people are considered void of talent. The higher classes allow the nails of their fingers to grow, some on the one hand, some on both, and dye their hair and beards black. Among the lower classes, women are kept in a state of slavery. The peasant yokes his wife and ass together to the plough.

The inhabitants of MADEIRA are of Moorish origin, though free negroes; and descendants of the European race are frequently to be met with. The men are tall, muscular, and well built. The women, particularly among the peasantry, are masculine, and vigorous, and rarely exhibit any traces of beauty. As they share the labours of their husbands, the softness natural to the sex is very soon destroyed; all are tough and hearty, and capable of enduring great and long-continued fatigue.

Among the higher classes, the fashions of Spain and Portugal are imitated or copied, and rustling silks and gay velvets are often seen in the streets. The dress of the peasant is far less expensive, yet quite picturesque; the men wear trousers descending as low as the knee, and shirts and jackets of the brightest colours; and the women, bodices laced with pretty ribbons, and short, gaily stripped petticoats. A conical cap, common to both sexes, completes the costume.—*Voyage of the United States' Exploring Squadron.*

At the CAPE DE VERDES, the houses of the natives are miserable huts, built of stone, not six feet high, and thatched with salt hay or palm leaves. Some are circular, some square, and others oblong. Occasionally one may be seen with a shingled roof. The common medium of conversation is that horrid jargon compounded of the negro and Portuguese dialects.

White cotton shirts, aprons, and trousers, are worn by the men, with dark vests, generally purchased at second-

hand from the crews of the vessels frequenting the islands. Sometimes they wear straw hats on their heads, but oftener nothing. Parti-coloured turbans and handkerchiefs form the head gear of the women; a shawl fastened about the waist, and another thrown over the bust and tied behind, complete the dress.

Porta Praya, in St. Jago, where the governor of the islands resides, is the capital of the group. Its white-washed walls and battlements may be descried far out at sea, and betoken a greater degree of cleanliness than is witnessed on landing. Blind beggars and naked children, pigs, fowls, and monkeys, cross the path at every step.—*Ibid.*

The PERSIANS are simple in eating, and use little animal food; pilau, or rice stewed, and fruits, being their favourite dishes. But they luxuriate in baths, and almost the very poorest of them endeavours to possess a horse. They are also splendid in their attire, lavishing on their dress gold, silver, and precious stones. The women of rank never appear in public without long veils; and they are at great pains to heighten their beauty by art, colours, and washes. The men wear at all times a dagger in their sash, and linen trousers.

The ARAB is courteous in his manner, temperate, and sprightly. Reared to continual wandering, he possesses great bodily activity, and power of enduring fatigue. The attachment of the Arab to his horse is

as well known as the swiftness of the animal itself. The Arabians are excellent horsemen, expert at the bow and the lance, and good marksmen. The inhabitants of the inland country live in tents, and remove from place to place with their flocks and herds. The attire of the roving Arabs is a kind of blue shirt tied about the person with a white sash or girdle, and some of them have a vest of furs over it. The costume of the Arabian women is not well fitted to display the graces of person, yet they are generally elegantly formed, and would be considered attractive in the eyes of Europeans, did they not abuse their skin by paints.

The manners of the JAPANESE are in many respects quite opposite to those of the people of Europe. Our common drinks are cold—theirs are hot; the Europeans uncover the head out of respect—the Japanese, like the Turks, their feet; we admire white-teeth—they are fond of black; we get on horseback on the left side—they, like the Turks, mount on the right.

A beautiful but strange custom prevails among the Japanese, by which the bride receives a disguised sermon as a present from her friends. In our land the bride frequently receives presents of jewellery and dress; but in Japan her friends give her, on her wedding-day, a long white veil. This veil is large enough to cover her from head to foot. After the ceremony is over, she carefully lays aside that veil among the things not to be disturbed. That wedding veil is, at her death, to be her shroud. What would our females

think of having their shroud around them to partake in the dancing and other revelries?

The DAMARAS have numberless superstitions about meat, which are very troublesome. Each tribe, or family, is prohibited from eating cattle of certain colours; savages "who come from the sun" eschewing sheep spotted in a particular way, which those "who come from the rain" have no objection to. As there are five or six different "candas," or descents, and I had men from most of them with me, I could hardly ever kill a sheep that everybody would eat; many were martyrs for a long time to their consciences; but hunger converted them all at last. Goats are an abomination to every Damara, whatever his canda may be. Another superstition is, that meat is common property. Every slaughter is looked upon as a kind of sacrifice, or festal occasion. Damaras cannot conceive that people should eat meat as their daily food. Their chiefs kill an ox when a stranger comes, or half-a-dozen oxen on a birth or circumcision feast, or any great event, and then everybody present shares the meat. When I stayed near Werfts, I could not at first ensure my men getting food enough to eat, for the strange Damaras came about them and begged their share, "cursing" them if they refused. The curse is supposed to have a withering and blighting effect. For this reason meat is never an article of exchange at anything like its real value in Damara land. A freshly killed ox would not buy a live sheep. Dama-

ras have a great respect, almost reverence, for oxen. They keep them to look at, as we keep fallow deer ; and though a nineteen-shilling gun will buy five fine oxen, yet this is no proof of the cheapness of cattle with the Damaras, but rather of the dearness of guns amongst them. Any man, not himself possessed of cattle, may be murdered without fear of the consequences, if payment of two oxen be made to his relations, as that, by the custom of the country, is amply sufficient blood-money.—*Galton's Narrative.*

The darling passion of the AUSTRIAN mountaineers is for music and the dance. They appear born with a taste for music. A violin or guitar is a part of the furniture of every cottage, and not unfrequently a piano. Each valley has its own peculiar airs, full of sweetness and melody, similar to those which the Tyrolese minstrels made so popular in England a few years ago, and which were nothing more than the ordinary songs (*jodeln*) of the shepherds and dairy-maids on the mountains, which they carol forth with a peculiar intonation of the voice within the throat, making the echoes ring with their wild notes.

The talent of improvising is not uncommon among the peasants of Tyrol and Styria ; their verses, it may be supposed, have little claim to polish or harmony ; they generally assume the form of a dialogue,—the verses of one being taken up and answered by another. They are mostly satirical ; and the chief merit of the composer seems to consist in a quickness in repartee,—

one party striving, by jests, to render the other ridiculous. Sometimes the verses assume the more tender shape of a lover's address to his mistress; and his eloquence and skill are exerted in attempting to soften her heart,—her wit being directed to repel his ardour, and laugh at his passion.

In some parts of Tyrol the peasants compose entire plays, (*bauern komœdien*,) of which they themselves are the actors. The subjects are usually taken from the well-known legend of a saint, or from some incident in Holy Writ; and in this respect they are not unlike the ancient "Miracles and Mysteries," the first theatrical performances known in England. Their pretensions to plot and elegant versification are very humble. The performers, in some instances, are girls, who represent both the male and female characters. It is in the villages around Innsbruck that these plays are most in fashion,—the traveller will be amused by such a homely effort of the tragic muse.

No fête-day, holiday, or marriage, passes off without a rustic ball. Such entertainments afford the traveller insight into the manners and customs of the people, and an opportunity of observing the varieties of costume, &c. Those, however, who have formed their notions of a Tyrolese dance from a ballet at the Opera, will be much disappointed. They will find the dancers assembled in the close low room of an inn, so crowded that it would appear impossible to move, much less dance, among the throng; yet no sooner does the music strike up than the whole is in a whirl; no

jostling and confusion occur, and the time of the waltz is kept with most unerring precision. Instead of the elegant costume of the theatre, with its short petticoats and flying ribands, they will find the lasses decked out in pointed hats, or round fur or woollen caps, or in handkerchiefs tied under their chin, and with waists reaching up nearly to their necks. The men often wear Hessian boots, which they strike together with great clatter, by way of beating time; every now and then uttering a shrill cry, and leaping round in the air exactly in the manner of the Highland fling.

The enthusiasm, almost approaching to frenzy, with which the dance is kept up, in spite of the heat and crowd, from noon till night, is truly surprising. The partners often seize each other by the shoulders, in an attitude not unlike hugging;—they do not always follow the same monotonous revolution, but at one time the man steps round his partner; at another, lifting her arm high in the air, he twirls her round on her heel with a rapidity that makes her appear to spin, and then quickly re-uniting, they resume their circular revolutions with an agility and perseverance truly marvellous.—*Hand-book for Travellers in Southern Germany, &c.*

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

We occupy a great deal of time in eating and drinking, and sit hours at table, while the French rise

directly nature is satisfied, and proceed to their employment. The two sexes separate with us ; but the French men and women, at all times, and on all subjects alike, discourse together. No women have shewn so much character, and are so little given to fritter away their time, as the French. The females exercise all the occupations, and gain the emoluments of men ; they keep the accounts ; they are at the Bourse, and even at the gaming table ; they are behind the counter ; they act as clerks and negotianists ; and often, in manufacturing towns, get their thousand francs. "But," say we, "the French are a trifling nation, because they think seriously about trifles, which make up the sum of life." Says an author : "They have advanced everything to the rank of a science, or an art, whether cutting your hair, tying your cravat, or cooking your dinner ; they have manuals and instructions for everything ; and everything worth doing at all they would do well, or, to use their own term, they would have *perfectionne*."

FRENCH GALLANTRY.

If a lady meets a gentleman upon the little sidewalk, which French courtesy calls a "*trottoir*," it is the lady who *trots* into the mud. The French women seem used to this submission, and yield to it instinctively ; and, indeed, all who feel their weakness, as children and old men, being subject to the same ne-

cessity, shew the same resignation. Also, if a number of gentlemen are coteried, even across the broad walk of the Boulevards, the lady walks round, not to incommode them; and it is not to be expected of a French gentleman, in a public place or vehicle, that he should give his seat to any one, of whatever sex, age, or condition; or that he should deviate from his straight line on the street for anything less than an omnibus. The French have been a polite people, and they continue to trade on the credit of their ancestors. What is curious to observe is, the complacency with which human nature follows a general example. A Russian wife, when her husband neglects to beat her for a month or two, is alarmed at his indifference; and I have remarked that the French women are the warmest defenders of this French incivility.—*The American in Paris.*

SECRET SIGNS AMONG THE ARABS.

A remarkable faculty is displayed by some Arabs in catching the meaning of secret signs employed in written communications to them,—such signs being often used in political and other intrigues. The following is a curious instance: “The celebrated poet, El-Mutanebbi, having written some verses in dispraise of Káfoor El-Ikhsheedee, the independent governor of Egypt, was obliged to flee, and hide himself in a distant town. Káfoor was informed of

his retreat, and desired his secretary to write to him a letter promising him pardon, and commanding him to return ; but told the writer, at the same time, that, when the poet came, he would punish him. The secretary was a friend of the poet, and being obliged to read the letter to the prince when he had written it, was perplexed how to convey to El-Mutanebbec some indication of the danger that awaited him. He could only venture to do so in the exterior address ; and having written this in the usual form, commencing ‘In Sháallah,’ (if it be the will of God,) ‘this shall arrive,’ &c., he put a small mark of reduplication over the ‘n’ in the first word, which he thus converted into ‘Inna,’—the final vowel being understood. The poet read the letter, and was rejoiced to see a promise of pardon ; but, on looking a second time at the address, was surprised to observe the mark of reduplication over the ‘n.’ Knowing the writer to be his friend, he immediately suspected a secret meaning, and rightly conceived that the sign conveyed an allusion to a passage in the Kur-án commencing with the word ‘Inna ;’ and this he divined to be the following : ‘Verily, the magistrates are deliberating concerning thee, to put thee to death.’ Accordingly he fled to another town. Some authors add, that he wrote a reply conveying, by a similar sign, to his friend, an allusion to another passage in the Kur-án : ‘We will never enter the country while they remain therein.’ It is probable that signs thus employed were used by many persons to convey allusions to certain

words; and such may have been the case in the above-mentioned instance,—if not, the poet was, indeed, a wonderful guesser.”

GYMNASTIC PRAYING.

It is an hour after sunset. Let us stroll down the street of tents, beginning at the northern extremity. As we approach the kayim, a thousand cross-lights enable us to distinguish a sea of moving turbans and tarbooshes. In various directions, flashing through the trees, torches and lanterns, and strings of lamps hung upon poles, are seen approaching; and, by the drumming and the shouting, we know that parties of derweeshes are on their way to take up their position for the night. Once in the crowd, our progress is slow; but strange sights occupy the eye on either hand. Here is a small tent, dimly lighted, in which two or three enthusiasts are bobbing up and down with frightful agility. There, is a second, in which, already fatigued, others are crouching beneath cloaks and blankets, sweating off the excess of their devotion. Beyond, in a larger establishment, brilliantly illuminated with a wooden chandelier, some thirty worthies are preparing for a renewed performance. Let us pause and watch them. They all sit in a circle, chatting on indifferent subjects, with the exception of one, a white-bearded gentleman, who stands in the centre, apparently absorbed in contemplation. Suddenly he feels the spirit move, and begins to chant, in a low, measured voice,

the praises of the Creator. The audience at once become silent and collected, drinking in religious intoxication in large draughts. They soon feel its effect, but know how to subject it to rule. With one sway every head turns slowly to the right, and then, wheeling round, looks over the left shoulder. "Al-lah !" One syllable of the name of God, pronounced in an undertone at first, accompanies each movement. Back goes the head to the right : "Al"—then to the left, "lah ! Al-lah ! Al-lah ! Al-lah ! Al-lah ! Al-lah !" As the chant of the white-bearded gentleman becomes more animated, the hearers seem to grow more impassioned, and soon every head rolls with rage and rapidity. It is a wonder the ballast does not shift. "Allah !" It has become almost a grunt—a prolonged howl. The excitement grows too powerful to allow them to remain squatting on the ground. Up they start, still wagging their heads, the grunting waxing fast and furious. Their features writhe with excitement ; their eyes roll deliriously. Some of them drop off their turbans and caps, and frantically shake their shaven crowns, still howling the name of God with foaming lips. There is a void in the ranks. A man has fallen in this furious charge for Paradise. Some one takes him by the heels, and drags him into a corner of the tent to pass his fit in peace ; and on goes this extraordinary prayer, the motion having now become a duck forward, in which the nose nearly touches the knees, whilst "Allah !" is jerked out almost as one syllable, and seems to proceed, not from the lips, but the stomach. It is difficult to

convey, by words, an idea of this extraordinary scene. I feel that what I have written falls far short of the truth; and that it would have been better, perhaps, to say simply, that the derweeshes pray with the energy of madmen, and the regularity of automata.—*Bayle St. John's Village Life in Egypt.*

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS IN NORWAY.

At Christiana, and in other Norwegian towns, there is a delicate Christmas way of offering to a lady a brooch, or a pair of ear-rings, in a truss of hay. The house-door of the person complimented is pushed open, and there is thrown into the house a truss of hay, or straw, a sheaf of corn, or bag of chaff. In some part of this "bottle of hay" envelope, there is a "needle" of a present to be hunted for. A friend received from her betrothed, according to this Christmas custom, an exceedingly large brown paper parcel, which, on being opened, revealed a second parcel, with a loving motto on the cover. And so on, parcel within parcel, motto within motto, till the kernel of this paper husk—which was at length discovered to be a delicate piece of minute jewellery—was arrived at. One of the prettiest of Christmas customs is, the Norwegian practice of giving, on Christmas-day, a dinner to the birds. On Christmas morning every gable, gateway, or barn-door, is decorated with a sheaf of corn, fixed on the top of a tall pole, wherefrom it is intended that the birds shall make their Christmas dinner. Even the peasant will

contrive to have a handful set for this purpose ; and what the birds do not eat on Christmas-day, remains for them to finish at their leisure through the winter.

A DAY'S EXPERIENCE IN INDIA.

People rise very early—before the dawn of day—for dawn and twilight are of brief duration in India ; and when the sun is once “up,” we begin to experience his influence. An hour's exercise, either on horseback or afoot, is supposed to be necessary to ensure the healthy action of the liver. Returning home, a bath, which literally consists in having jars of water poured over the body, is taken, the newspaper is read, and everybody proceeds to business of some kind or other ; while ladies, defying the sun, sally forth in their carriages to pay visits and make purchases.

The coachmakers in Calcutta turn out vehicles scarcely inferior in appearance to some of the best productions of Long Acre. They consist chiefly of britzkas, landaulettes, buggies, chariots, and broughams, and a nondescript class of oblong and square carriages of all sizes, which rejoice in the appellations of brown-berries and palkee-gharees—from their resemblance to a palanquin on wheels ; which latter, at Madras, are called shigrams, and at Bombay, shigrampoos.

From ten in the morning until five in the evening everybody is at work. In the major part of the places

of business at the Presidencies, the heads, foremen, and principal clerks, are either Europeans or East Indians, —the name given to the class who have descended from English fathers and Mussulman or Hindu mothers, or from the early Portuguese conquerors, who formed honourable (or other) connexions with native females. In the middle of the day some persons take *tiffin*, as luncheon is called; and this, in too many instances, is a sort of miniature dinner, when stews and curries are devoured, washed down by copious draughts of pale ale.

A bath and a change of dress precede the evening ride or drive. Everywhere there are strands, courses, beaches, where the denizens congregate to gossip, or listen to the music of military bands. Night closes in, and the gay groups separate to return home and dine.

This is a sketch of everyday *English* life; but of course it is varied by the seasons and the ordinary usages of society. There is much interchange of dinner-giving; balls are frequent at private houses and military messes. Billiards and cards furnish excitement to great numbers; a few persons cultivate music; and now and then an amateur play, a discharge of fireworks, at the expense of some rich native, a regatta, or a *nautch*, (native dance,) enliven society. The races are also a great source of amusement; for most people, having access to the race-course during the “trials” and training of the horses, become cognizant of their powers, and interested in their success. There is little or no trickery on the Indian turf; and the actual races, which last for a fortnight, the run-

ning taking place on alternate days, bring together all classes of society bent upon amusement. The horses which come to the post are Arabs, country-breds, and the produce of the Cape of Good Hope. The Arab, from his small and delicate structure, and the shortness of his stride, carries the lowest weight; the country-bred carries a stone more; and the Cape horse two stone more. English horses are seldom allowed to run; for it has been found that, even with three or four stone greater weight upon their back than any other class of horse can bear, they win the race in a canter, owing chiefly to their length of stride. There is some jackall-hunting carried on in Calcutta, and a little shooting in the immediate neighbourhood of Bombay. Jaunts to places of interest—old temples, manufactories, curious ruins, picturesque localities, where the scramble and make-shift of a pic-nic impart excitement to the scene—are by no means unusual; and those who are fond of yachting find ample entertainment when the weather is fine and settled.

Yet, after all, the principal amusement of the English exile—his solace when all other things fail—is to be found in literature, of which there is never an insufficient supply.—*Stocqueler's India : its History, &c.*

A SUNDAY FAIR IN PORTUGAL.

The celebrated Sunday fair of San Lazaro took place during my visit to Oporto; and I went with a gentleman

to the public gardens, in the immediate neighbourhood of which it is held,—one of the principal openings facing the church dedicated to that saint. It was on this occasion profusely decorated with flowers; their heavy perfume, superadded to the smoke of lamps and wax lights, rendered it, amid such a crowd, an exceedingly undesirable atmosphere. Being a famous Sunday fair, the number of peasants from the neighbouring and even distant villages was very great; and the women of Villa Nova, Avintas, and Villongo, were pointed out to me, distinguished by the shape and trimming of their hats, which are differently fashioned in each district. The first visit of the peasant on his reaching the fair, is to the altar of the church,—where, on making his offering, he receives a woodcut picture of the saint: this he wears during the day in front of his hat, as a proof of the performance of the pious duty. A few of the females were dressed in light and gay clothing; but by far the greater number wore the usual dark woollen cloth dress, with a bright coloured kerchief over the neck, and the unvarying wooden shoe, open at the heel. Those in common use are of black chamois leather, with a broad stripe of coloured and varnished leather across the front of the foot. The wooden sole, pointed at the toe, and with high heels, is formed of willow or poplar; and a pair of ordinary size weigh more than twenty ounces. I observed a few, worn by the more wealthy peasants, of velvet, trimmed with gold lace. The immense quantity of gold chains and ornaments worn by the female peasantry surprised me

greatly. An exceedingly handsome woman from Vil-longo had so many chains round her neck that the lockets and ornaments of fillagree, of which each chain has one depending from it, being fastened on the bosom of her dark cloth dress, formed a complete breastplate, and covered the entire front. She had small and delicately chiselled aquiline features, and would have been deemed handsome in any country where it is fashionable to wear the hair cut short in a straight line over the forehead, like a boy, and where also walking, like "Sir Christopher Hatton," in the *Critic*, with toes turned out until the inside of each foot forms a straight line with its fellow, might not be deemed a singularity and a defect. In this country, devoid alike of public faith or private credit, the industrious and wealthy peasant has no mode of investing his savings but by the purchase of articles of the precious metals, which, in case of public commotion, are either easily concealed, or carried, with questionable safety, on the person. This profitless mode of investment having become a custom, accounts, in some measure, for the continued unsettled and unimproved state of the country; for with no opportunity for the profitable employment of capital, the increased wealth and prosperity of families is only to be understood by the increased number of chains and trinkets worn by the females, which, being purchased only with a view to the security of capital, in some way by which the value can be realized easily, and without loss, are generally massive, and with little regard to fashion or workmanship. The natural love of

ornament may be gratified ; but in any other country the income derived from this idle wealth would purchase comforts to which the rich Portuguese peasant-farmer is an entire stranger. Occasionally, however, when sudden need for coin arises, usually in cases of momentary distress, from illness or other causes, a chain or ornament is pledged to provide the sum required. The agents in these transactions are commonly the priests, who by these means contrive to make a considerable addition to their income, and maintain, at the same time, their influence over the parties concerned. The interest charged in an affair of this kind is exorbitant; and its *annual* rate is never spoken of, but cunningly concealed by being calculated at so much per month; for a *moldore* of 4800 *reis*, an interest of 160 *reis* per month is frequently paid, or forty per cent. per annum. When, however, money is advanced on houses or land, and the loan secured by public writings, the annual interest does not exceed five per cent. For the wife of a rich farmer to possess five or six hundred pounds' worth of gold chains, is not extraordinary; and the absolute sale of a single one would draw down upon the family at the next fête or church festival, when these heirlooms are invariably displayed, the imputation of *poverty*, the only *crime* in Portugal. An immense amount of valuable property must have been lost during the advance of the French into this country, by having been buried and concealed by the frightened possessors without the presence of witnesses,—the death of the concealer leaving his before wealthy family to the dreadful

consciousness of hopeless poverty; such is the effect of the want of confidence. A gentleman, a few years ago, purchased, for a few *vintems*, what was, to all appearance, a clumsy iron chain, but which his better judgment had detected as gold, painted over for the purpose of concealing its value, which was little short of fifty pounds. The remarkable propensity of the Portuguese for classification, was carried out at the fair of San Lazaro, with laughable exactitude. The streets in which the fair is held were carefully portioned out to the various stalls of itinerant merchants; at one place, the stalls of the bakers stood apart, exhibiting bread of every variety of shape and quality; at another, the children feasted their eyes upon, and bedaubed their faces with the sweatmeats which loaded the long row of stalls. Here the hungry pleasure-seeker might refresh himself with fresh fried *sardinhas*, or smoking *bacalhao*;—there, little unbreeched urchins, for *cinco reis*, could purchase one of a bundle of slender twigs, upon which were strung choice *tit-bits*, fresh from the frying pans of a row of squatting *cozinheiras*, whose busy occupation over their fires, made on the pavement of the street, continually fulfilled the adage, of “out of the frying-pan into the fire.” The perfume was more powerful than pleasant. Opposite the church, the smartest stalls were arranged, covered with neat awnings, and devoted to the sale of jewellery and toys; and the number of the latter in the hands of the visitors, shewed that a brisk trade was being carried on in the sale of tokens from the fair. The greater portion of

the toys were of French and German manufacture; and some china figures from the latter country were evidently specially intended for *this* locality, as their exhibition *there* would not have been permitted. From one or two stalls a perfect miniature set of church furniture and ornaments, stamped in lead, might have been selected—pix and monstrance, candlestick and chalice; with crucifixes and figures of the Virgin and saints in endless and glittering variety;—while, at the adjoining one, the child of military predilections might have set out an array of battle, of formidable appearance to his infant ideas. I purchased, from a rag-doll stall, for three *vintems*, (a trifle more than threepence,) a capital figure of a negro dandy, as a memorial of my visit to the fair of San Lazaro.—*Note Book of a Recent Visitor.*

SIMILARITY OF THE TOYS AND GAMES OF DIFFERENT NATIONS.

I was amused here by watching a child playing with a pop-gun, made of bamboo, similar to that of quill, with which most English children are familiar, which propels pellets by means of a spring-trigger made of the upper part of the quill. It is easy to conclude such resemblances between the familiar toys of different countries to be accidental, but I question their being really so. On the plains of India, men may often be seen for hours together flying what, with

us, are children's kites ; and I procured a Jew's harp from Thibet. These are not the toys of savages ; but the amusements of people more than half-civilized, and with whom we have had indirect communication from the earliest ages. The Lepchas play at quoits, using slates for the purpose, and at the Highland games of " putting the stone," and " drawing the stone." Chess, dice, draughts, hockey, and battledore and shuttlecock, are all Indo-Chinese or Tartarian ; and no one familiar with the wonderful instances of similarity between the monasteries, ritual, ceremonies, attributes, vestments, and other paraphernalia of the eastern and western churches, can fail to acknowledge the importance of recording even the most trifling analogies or similarities between the manners and customs of the young as well as of the old.—*Himalayan Journal.*

RIDINGS AND CHAFFINGS.

A singular custom prevails in South Nottinghamshire and North Leicestershire. When a husband, forgetting his solemn vow to love, honour, and keep his wife, has had recourse to physical force, and beaten her, the rustics get up what is called a " riding." A cart is drawn through the village, having in it two persons dressed so as to resemble the woman and her master. A dialogue, representing the quarrel, is carried on, and a supposed representation of the beating inflicted.

This performance is always specially enacted before the offender's door. Another, and perhaps less objectionable mode of shaming men out of a brutal and unmanly practice, is to empty a sack of chaff at the offender's door,—an intimation, I suppose, that *thrashing* has been “done within.” Perhaps this latter custom gave rise to the term “chaffling.” Thirty years ago both these customs were very common in this locality; but, either from an improved tone of morality, or from the comparative rarity of the offence that led to them, both *ridings* and *chaffings* are now of very rare occurrence.—*Notes and Queries.*

ETHIOPIAN ESTIMATION OF WOMEN.

Since very early times a great estimation of the female sex appears to be a very general custom. We often find reigning queens of Ethiopia mentioned. From the campaign of Petronius, Kandake is well known,—a name which, according to Pliny, was bestowed on all the Ethiopian queens. In the sculptures of Meore, too, we find very warlike and, doubtless, reigning queens represented. Their genealogies were not counted by males, but by females; and the inheritance did not devolve upon the son, but the daughter or sister. The Batuta reports the same custom to be existing among the Messofites, a western negro race. Even now, the court and upper ministers of some southern princes are all women. Noble ladies

allow their nails to grow an inch long—a sign they are to command, and not to work—a custom which is found in the sculptures among the shapeless queens of Meore.—*Letters from Ethiopia, by Dr. Lepsius.*

AN EASTERN BATH.

The following graphic and amusing sketch, of the sufferings attendant on a first trial of an eastern bath, is translated from a work by Messieurs A. Dumas and A. Dautzats, two French travellers, entitled, *Quinze Jours au Sinai*; or, *A Fortnight on Sinai*:—"Scarcely had I entered, when two strong men belonging to the bath laid hold of me, and in an instant I was stripped to the skin. One of them then passed a linen shawl around my waist, while the other fastened on my feet a pair of gigantic pattens, which at once made me a foot taller. This mode of shoeing not only rendered flight impossible, but, by its clumsy elevation, destroyed my equilibrium; and I should inevitably have fallen, had not the two men supported me on either side. I was fairly caught. We passed into another room; here the vapour and heat stifled me. I thought that my guides had mistaken the way, and had got into an oven. I tried to shake them off, but my resistance was anticipated. In a few moments I was astonished at perceiving that, as the perspiration poured from me, my lungs began to dilate, and my respiration returned. In this state I passed through five or six rooms, the heat of which

increased so rapidly that I began to believe that man had, for five thousand years, mistaken his proper element, and that his appropriate destiny was boiling or roasting. At last we came to the stove-room; there the fog was so dense that I could not see two steps before me, and the heat so insupportable that I partly fainted. I shut my eyes, and resigned myself to my guides. After leading, or rather carrying me a few steps farther, they took off my girdle, unhooked my pattens, and extended me, half-swooning, on something like a marble table. With my other senses, my sight revived; and, despite of the fog, I made out, with tolerable accuracy, the surrounding objects. My tormentors seemed to have forgotten me for a moment; they were busy at one side of the room. I lay in the centre of a large square saloon, incrustated, to the height of five or six feet, with variously coloured marbles; a series of spouts threw out incessantly streams of steaming water, which, falling on the pavement beneath, glided thence into four basins, like cauldrons, at the four corners of the room. On the surface of the water in these basins was an indefinite number of bald heads bobbing about, and expressing, by the most grotesque contortions of face, various degrees of felicity. This spectacle so occupied my attention that I scarcely heeded the return of my masters. They came, however; one with a large wooden bowl of soap-suds, the other with a ball of fine flax. Suddenly, one of the rascals inundated my face and neck with his suds; and the other, having seized me by the shoulder,

rubbed most furiously my face and breast with his flax. This treatment, and the pain induced by it, were so perfectly intolerable, that all my powers of resistance and resentment waked at once. I bolted upright, kicked my flaxen friend half-across the room, and planted my fist in the face of soap-suds with such good-will that he lay sprawling on the floor. Then, knowing of no other remedy for the soap, (which was blistering my skin,) I boldly plunged into the larger basin. I had misjudged; the remedy was worse than the disease. Before, my face and neck were cauterized; now, my whole body was scalded;—the water was boiling! I yelled with pain; sprang on and over my neighbours, who could not comprehend my case; and got out of the tub almost as rapidly as I got in. However, I was not rapid enough to escape the effect of the ablution; my body was as red as a lobster. I was stupefied. I must be dreaming, or riding a nightmare. Yet there was no deception. Here, under my very eyes, were men stewing in a broth of which I had *tried* the temperature, who evidently took great delight in the operation. What could it mean? My notions of pleasure and pain became confused; they could *enjoy* what to me was *agony*! I once more resolved to resign myself to fate. I doubted my own judgment. I distrusted my own senses. I determined again to submit to my tormentors. They came, having recovered from my assault. I followed them without resistance to another basin. They made signs to me to descend the steps: I obeyed.

From this I passed to another of a higher temperature, but still supportable. I remained in it, as in the first, about three minutes. I then proceeded to the third, which was still some ten or twelve degrees hotter; and, finally, reached the fourth where I had commenced. I approached it with the greatest repugnance; but I had made up my mind to go through with my desperate adventure. I first dipped my toe in the water; it was hot, certainly, but not so scalding as before. I gradually immersed my whole body, and was surprised to find it endurable. My attendants now again took me in hand. They replaced the linen around my waist, bound a shawl on my head, and led me back through the rooms by which I had entered, taking care to add to my covering at each change of atmosphere, until I arrived at the chamber where I was so unceremoniously stripped. Here I found a good carpet and pillow. My turban and girdle were taken off; I was enveloped in a large woollen gown, laid down like an infant, and left alone. I had now an indefinable feeling of comfort. I was perfectly happy; yet so exhausted that, when the door was opened, half-an-hour after, I had not changed my position by the movement of a finger or a muscle. The new-comer was a sinewy and well-set Arab. He approached my couch as if he had some business with me. I looked on him with a sort of dread, very natural to a man who had passed such an ordeal as I have described; but I was too weak to attempt to rise. He took my left hand, cracked all its

joints, and did the same to the right. After my hands, he administered upon my feet and knees; and, to finish the matter, he dexterously threw me into the position of a pigeon to be broiled, and gave me the *coup de grâce* by cracking the vertebræ of my spine. I screamed with terror, thinking my back-bone was broken to a certainty. My *masseur* then kneaded my arms, legs, and thighs for a-quarter of an hour, and left me. I was weaker than ever; my joints all pained me; and I had not strength sufficient to cover myself with the carpet. A servant now brought me coffee, pastiles, and a pipe; and left me to intoxicate myself with perfume and tobacco. I passed half-an-hour in a drowsy state, lost in the vagaries of a delicious inebriation, experiencing a feeling of happiness before unknown, and entertaining a supreme indifference to every (absent) earthly thing. I was awakened from this by a barber, who shaved me, and combed my whiskers and moustaches. Next, my Arab returned, to whom I made signs that I wished to depart. He brought my clothes, assisted me in my toilet, and led me to the chamber opening on the vestibule, where I found my cloak. The cost of this entertainment, which lasted three hours, was a piaster and a-half, or eleven sous of our money."

ODD CUSTOMS AMONG THE ARMENIANS.

The young unmarried people, of both sexes, enjoy perfect liberty within the recognized limits of manners

and propriety. Custom is here precisely the reverse of what prevails in the surrounding countries; whilst, in the latter, the purchase of a wife is the only usual form of contracting a marriage, until which time the girl remains in perfect seclusion,—among the Armenians, on the contrary, the young people of both sexes enjoy free social intercourse. The girls go where they like, unveiled and bareheaded—the young men carry on their love-suits freely and openly; and marriages of affection are of common occurrence. But with marriage the scene changes; the word which the young woman pronounces at the altar, in accepting her husband, is the *last* that is, for a long time, heard from her lips. From that moment she never appears, even in her own house, unveiled. She is never seen abroad in the public streets, except when she goes to church, which is only twice in the year, and then closely veiled. If a stranger enters the house or garden, she instantly conceals herself. With no person, not even her father or brother, is she allowed to exchange a single word; and she speaks to her husband only when they are alone. With the other part of the household she can only communicate by gestures, and by talking on her fingers. This silent reserve, which custom imperatively prescribes, the young wife maintains until she has born her first child,—from which period she becomes gradually emancipated from her constraint; she speaks to her new-born infant; then her mother-in-law is the first person she may address; after awhile she is allowed to converse

with her own mother, then with her sister-in-law, and afterwards her own sisters. Now she begins to talk with the young girls in the house ; but always in a gentle whisper, that none of the male part of the family may hear what is said. The wife, however, is not fully emancipated ; her education is not completed until after the lapse of six years ! and even then she can never speak with any strangers of the other sex, nor appear before them unveiled. If we examine closely into these social customs, in connexion with the other phases of national life in Armenia, we cannot but recognize in them a great knowledge of human nature and of the heart.—*Baron Von Haxthausen's Nations and Races between the Black Sea and the Caspian.*

THE PEASANTS OF BULGARIA.

As the traveller proceeds on his way he encounters a team of ox or buffalo carts *en route* to or from the camp. Let us stop and look at this scarecrow who is driving them. He is a stout, well-made, and handsome man, with finely-shaped features, and large dark eyes ; but, for all that, there is a dull dejected look about him which rivets the attention. There is no speculation in the orbs which gaze on you, half in dread, half in wonder ; and if there should be a cavass, or armed Turk, with you, the poor wretch dare not take his look away for a moment, lest he should meet the ready lash, or provoke some arbitrary act of vio-

lence. His head is covered with a cap of black sheep-skin, with the wool on, beneath which falls a mass of tangled hair, which unites with beard, and whisker, and moustache, in forming a rugged mat about the lower part of the face. A jacket, made of coarse brown cloth, hangs loosely from his shoulders, leaving visible the breast, burnt almost black by exposure to the sun. Underneath the jacket is a kind of vest, which is confined round the waist by several folds of a shawl or sash, in which are stuck a yataghan, or knife, and a reed pipe-stick. The breeches are made of a very rudely manufactured cloth, wide above, and gathered in at the knee; and the lower part of the leg is protected by rags, tied round with bits of old string, which put one in mind of the Italian bandit, *à la* Wallack, in a state of extreme dilapidation and poverty. If you could speak with this poor Bulgarian, you would find his mind as waste as the land around you. He is a Christian after a fashion; but he puts far more faith in charms, in amulets, and in an uncleanly priest, and a certain saint of his village, than in prayer or works. He believes the Turks are his natural masters; that he must endure meekly what they please to inflict; and that, between him and Heaven, there is only one power and one man strong enough to save him from the most cruel outrages, or to withstand the sovereign sway of the Osmanli,—and that power is Russia, and that man is the Czar. His whole fortune is that wretched cart, which he regards as a triumph of construction; and he has driven those

lean, fierce-eyed buffaloes many a mile, from some distant village, in the hope of being employed by the Commissariat, who offer what seems to him to be the most munificent remuneration of three shillings and fourpence a-day, for the services of himself, his beasts, and Araba. His food is coarse brown bread, or a mess of rice and grease, flavoured with garlic,—the odour of which has penetrated his very bones, and spreads in vapour around him. His drink is water, and now and then an intoxicating draught of bad raki, or sour country wine. In that abject figure you look in vain for the dash of Thracian blood, or seek the descendant of the Roman legionary. From whatever race he springs, the Bulgarian peasant hereabouts is the veriest slave that ever tyranny created; and as he walks slowly away, with downcast eyes and stooping head, by the side of his cart, the hardest heart must be touched with pity at his mute dejection, and hate the people and the rule that have ground him to the dust.

EGYPTIAN FEMALE MANNERS.

Mrs. Belzoni, the widow of the celebrated traveller, gives the following minute account of the manners of the females of Egypt:—

“I took the opportunity, while in Egypt, to observe the manners of the women in that country. On our arrival at Assouan, I went to visit the women of the Aga of that place. I was met at the door by himself,



his wife, his sister, her husband, two young children, three old women, uglier than Macbeth's witches, and an old negro slave. I entered into a small yard, and a deal chair was brought to me. The Aga then went out, and the women then stood round me; while the husband of the Aga's sister made coffee, and prepared a pipe,—which he presented to me, not allowing the women to touch it. He durst not trust them with anything, as he knew of their monkeyish tricks when he turned his back. He seemed to pride himself much on his great knowledge of the world, by correcting the rough curiosity of the women, when they attempted to examine my dress too rudely.

“I made a sign I wished them to sit down, and, in particular, that his wife should take coffee with me; but he treated them very harshly, made me understand that coffee would be too good for them, and said water was good enough—at the same time, he held the coffee-pot, pressing me to drink more; on my refusing, he locked it up in a small room, that the women might not drink it. By this time I had been so much among the women in Egypt, and compelled to smoke, that I could easily finish my half-pipe. After having smoked for some time, I laid it down; one of the women took it up, and began to smoke. On seeing such a horrid profanation, the man took it from her with violence, and was going to beat her, which I naturally prevented. He filled it again, and offered it to me; but as I did not wish to smoke any more, he went and care-

fully locked it up, making me understand, when I wanted it, it was at my service.

“I must confess I felt hurt to see the distinction made; but afterwards I saw the necessity of so doing. I could not help reflecting on the inconsistency I often met with from these men; they treat women with the greatest contempt, and yet they always behaved to me not only with respect, but even with humility—so that their roughness seems not, directed towards women in general; and I have often heard them remark to me, that if they treated these women as I was treated, they would become quite unruly.

“A short time after, the Aga came in; and, inquiring if they had served me with coffee and a pipe, he went to his treasury, and brought out some dirty bruised grapes, as a great treat, which he presented to me,—the poor women looking with wistful eyes towards the basket. In the impulse of the moment, I took it and offered them to his wife, and then to the rest, who all refused; and though they did not dare to take any themselves, yet they pressed me to eat them. I began at last, one by one, trying to wipe them in a handkerchief without their perceiving it; but I was mistaken, for their eyes were fixed upon me very closely. An old woman saw what I was doing, and ran and fetched me a burdock of water. I did not ask for water at first, as, not knowing the customs of these people, I was afraid to do anything to offend them.

“I now gave my little present of beads, and a looking-glass which contained a drawer; the beads pleased

them, and the glass, made to stand by itself, was to them a matter of astonishment. To describe the tricks the women played with it, tearing it from each other, and setting it in any way but the right, would be thought a caricature. I at first attempted to shew them the right way to use it; but there is no other method with those women than letting them have their own way; and I believe it is pretty well so in more civilized countries, or I am much mistaken. When the wife perceived they had got the glass out of its frame, she put it into a little room, and locked it up with the beads. They then began the examination of my dress, as the man was not there, which I had reason to be sorry enough for. I was then in European clothes.

“The first thing was my hat and hair, and neckerchief of black silk, which they coveted much; next, the buttons of my coat; nothing could persuade them but money was hid in them. I opened one to convince them of the contrary; this seemingly did not satisfy them, for, judging by their own tricks, they thought it was one put there purposely to deceive. I verily believe, if the man had not now come in, they would have been very troublesome. However, I learnt sufficient in this, my first visit, to guide me in future, and to put on a greater degree of consequence with the other women I might have to deal with; for by shewing myself free with them, on account of my ignorance of their character, they would take advantage of it. On the man coming in, they began to pre-

pare to cook the dinner for the Aga, which consisted of bamia boiled in mutton-broth, poured over bread, with a little mutton, and some minced meat, mixed up with rice into balls; what other ingredients might be used, shall by me be nameless. The cleanliness of this preparation I have not eloquence to describe. The horror that I felt at the idea, that I should be obliged to eat of it, was more than my English stomach could relish at that moment. They brought me all the dishes before they took them out to the Aga and Mr. Belzoni, who was to dine with him. The first was the bamia, which I refused; but I took a piece of boiled mutton, as being the cleanest, with some bread. That would not do; the wife took some of the minced meat and rice in her hands, and insisted on my eating it, making me understand it was the best. At last, all was carried to the Aga. I was then served with the customary coffee and pipe. The house, or rather stable, consisted of four walls, which had the sky for its ceiling, inclosing two small rooms, one in which the Aga used to keep his treasure locked, such as coffee, coffee-cups, tobacco, &c.;—the other was the wife's, and contained all their great wardrobe, besides bread, onions, flour, dhourra, oil, and many other things of the kind. The furniture consisted of water-jars, sieves to clean the corn and sift the flour, a few earthen pots to cook in, some wooden bowls out of an oven, and some burdocks for cooling water, a small coffee-pot, and old mats to lie on. I took my leave, giving the children and woman a small

present of money, promising to call and see them on my return.

“Next morning, another wife of the Aga sent me word she would be glad to see me. I felt little inclination to go; but not wishing to make any distinction between them, I went, and found, to my surprise, a very pretty young woman. She lived next door to the other, who got upon the walls to see what was passing between us. She had no coffee to give; but, instead, presented me with some dates, and dhourra in grain. She seemed much afraid of the other wife. Though pretty in my eyes, she was not thought so by her own people; the other, though old, was considered the greatest beauty in Assouan, on account of her being so extremely fat. Their hair was plaited after the Nubian custom, adorned with a few gold ornaments, with plenty of stinking raw fat, and a certain bark of a tree, beat in powder to make it black besides, giving a horrid perfume, which they consider as a great improvement to their charms;—it is not the same powder they use in blacking the eyebrows and eyelids. I made her a present of some beads, which she tried to hide; and I wished her farewell.

“On our arrival at Ybsambul I did not go on shore. The wife of Davoud Cacheff having heard that there was a Frank woman on board, sent a young negro girl on purpose to see what kind of animal I was. She was rather shy to come near me at first; but the men telling her, if she came into the boat the setté would give her a buckshish, (a present,) she

came with reluctance. I gave her some beads, which instantly got the better of her fears, and she observed everything on board minutely. Having kept her eyes fixed upon a half-pint basin, she jumped up and ran away; she returned in a few minutes, bringing me some dhourra, bread, and dates, telling me her mistress hoped I would not refuse to send her that beautiful basin, pointing to it. It was curious to see the anxiety the girl shewed for fear I should not give it to her. She made me understand her mistress had taken all the beads I had given her. I gave her some more, with the wonderful basin, and a plate like it. The joy the poor thing felt on receiving it was such that, in her hurry to get out of the boat, she had nearly broken them.

“On our return from the Shallal, we stopped at the village Eshke to transact some business with Hosseyn Cacheff. I remained on board while Mr. Belzoni went to visit him; during which time the women of the village, with their children, came running towards the boat; but some men belonging to the Cacheff would not let them approach, and those who pressed forward they beat, and at the others flung stones. On my seeing this, I made a sign to the women to approach, and seemed in a great passion with the men for beating them. Those that could come near me kissed my hand, and seemed much gratified at my preventing the men from beating them. They were much pleased at the whiteness of my skin, and the colour of my hair. To those that had but few ornaments, I gave

beads for themselves and children. What pleased me most was, they did not shew any disposition to covetousness, or express any desire that I should give them anything; they seemed perfectly content that I allowed them to see me, and imitated the action that I made to the men not to beat them. Those I gave beads to went away,—I did not expect to see them again; they soon returned, bringing me some dhourra, bread, and dates, finer than I had ever seen before or since. I naturally concluded it was a demand for another buckshish. According to the custom of the Arab women, on my giving them some beads, they took out what I had before given them, and, kissing my hands, begged me to accept their present, which I did; they then sent for more dates. I made them understand I gave them the beads only as remembrances of me, and not for the sake of getting anything in return. On seeing Mr. Belzoni and some of the Cacheff's men at a distance, they set up a great shout, and made me understand they must go. I was very sorry to part so soon with these women,—their manners were much more friendly than I have ever met with. They watched the boat at a distance till we left the shore.

“On our return to Ybsambul I went to Davoud Cacheff's wife. She had been previously informed of my intended visit, and accordingly put herself and palace in order. By the look of the building outside I certainly expected to have found something better inside; but it was much the same as that of Assouan.

On entering, I found her sitting on the black goats' skins sewed into one. I perceived this was considered a mark of grandeur that was not used in common. She got up, and, after saluting me, took the said skin, and placed it for me to sit on, and sat on the earth herself. I would, with much pleasure, have dispensed with the skin. She was dressed in a blue cotton gown of Lower Egypt, which is considered a very grand dress in Nubia. The coffee that was brought me was some we had given them on passing, as they can seldom have any. They use kerkadan, a small grain, the produce of the country, of which I have a few. Her young child was lying on a skin naked—it was twenty days old; but she scarcely took any notice of it. I gave her some different kinds of beads; she was surprised I did not wear any myself. I informed her, as well as I could, that I was dressed as a man. She then spoke softly to the little girl,—the slave before-mentioned,—who came and sat down by me, and some other old hags she had sent for. The girl first untied my neckerchief, examined my coat, and shewed as much curiosity about the buttons as my friends at Assouan. Their remark on my corsets, which I still wore, were extremely sensible. I made them understand they belonged to the female part of my dress. They kept crying, '*Tayib, tayib,*' (good,) at everything I shewed them. The Nubian women, in general, I found more kind and civil, and did not shew that invidious jealousy and covetousness the Arab women possess. After satisfying their curi-

osity about my clothes, she ordered the women, whom she had sent for on purpose, to dance, thinking to amuse me; but, unfortunately, I did not appreciate this mark of respect they thought they were paying me. Some time after, I got up and bade her farewell, though she wished me to stay longer.

“During my stay there a young woman came on board, begging me to give her some beads, shewing me, at the same time, she had but very few,—among which I saw she had two or three antique beads of cornelian, with a drop, which she exchanged with me for other beads, and went away very highly pleased. I was well content with my exchange, and was determined to go among the women at every place we might stop at. On our arrival at the isle of Philœ, I, according to custom, left Mr. Belzoni, and went in search of the women. The first I met was a pretty young female with a child on her shoulder, who saluted me in a very friendly manner, and offered to shew me about the place. In a few moments after, we were joined by an old woman and her daughter, a very pretty girl. She did not seem pleased with the notice I took of the other young woman, to whose child I had given some beads; but I have reason to think they did not know I was a woman, for they had not seen any of the people of our boat; and as they had seen some Europeans some months before in the same kind of dress, it is possible they were mistaken. Seeing the other had got beads, she demanded some in a rough manner. However, I gave

her the same quantity I had given the other. She asked, in an importunate manner, for more, and made as if she would return those I had given her if I did not. On seeing this, I took them from her, and gave them, with some more, to the first young woman. She got into a passion, and attempted to take them from her; which I prevented. She then begged me, more civilly, to give her some; but I would not give her any then, and made her understand I would not be compelled."

EGYPTIAN WOMEN'S GRIEF.

As we walked out this morning, near a little village on the western bank of the Nile, our attention was arrested by loud outcries, which seemed to proceed from both sides of the river; and on the opposite banks we saw some women making violent gesticulations, accompanied with piercing screams. At the same time, a confused wailing arose from the village; and, directing our steps thither, we saw a number of women, seated on the ground, swinging themselves to and fro, throwing dust upon their heads, and uttering a low murmuring cry, that seemed to be a repetition of the same words, in a plaintive monotonous chant. Others were walking up and down, throwing their arms in the air, tearing their long cotton hoods, shaking their dresses violently, and shrieking as if distracted with grief. All the women of the village

were gathered around one of the little hoods, which seemed to be the centre of this strange commotion. Presently, the women whom we had seen on the opposite bank arrived in a boat, and came, in mournful procession, to join in the wailing of the village. Some were chanting the same dolorous chant. Others, throwing aside their garments, would shriek at intervals; and each one, as she reached the group at the village, would utter a shrill piercing scream, such as we had at first heard from the other side of the river. On inquiring the occasion of this grief, we learned that a little child playing near the river, the day before, had fallen in and got drowned; and though, according to the present custom of the country, he had been already committed to the dust, the neighbours, far and near, had gathered to mourn with the mother. The absence of male persons from this assembly of women, forcibly reminded us of the frequent allusions in the Scriptures to the mourning of women; and the whole scene answered to the details of scenes in the Old Testament. The effect was peculiar. There were, perhaps, in all, thirty women, all dressed in the uniform style of the poorer class of women in Egypt, with a long loose garment of dark blue cotton cloth, and a hood of the same material covering the head, and descending to the waist. These melancholy-looking figures passed to and fro, shrieking, howling, wailing, throwing open their hoods, and, disfiguring themselves with dirt, jerking their garments as if

they would tear them to pieces ; they seemed the very impersonation of despair. I know not how long this scene continued—perhaps till nature was exhausted ; but for more than a mile beyond the village, we continued to hear that wild piercing cry that had at first startled us.—*Rev. J. Thomson's Letters from Egypt.*

NATIVES OF CIRCASSIA.

As soon as we landed, we were surrounded by a crowd of Circassians, who immediately led us by a path from the shore, through woods, brambles, and ditches, to a long field, surrounded by woods, among which several wooden dwellings shewed their roofs. A Circassian made me mount his horse. Crossing a stream, I gave it up again, and prepared, with a guide, to scale one of the mountain heights. On our way we met two Circassian young ladies, rather moon-faced, but with beautiful complexions, and pleasant expression. Our Circassian friend called to them to cover their faces,—an order which the young ladies shewed their good sense by neglecting. We descended by another mountain-path to the sea ;—here we took another stroll, and entered a wood. In the wood we met a fine-looking old gentleman, mounted, and proceeding slowly ; with him were two Circassian girls, his daughters, as it appeared. Not knowing what to make of us, he drew his sword, or rather long knife, and looked fierce ; but on nearing

us, and seeing we were unarmed, returned it again, and was quite happy when he knew us to be "Inghaeleez." Then his daughters came forward and shook hands with us. One was about twelve years old, the other fourteen; the latter exceedingly pretty, with a fair skin, blue eyes, and light hair, and, we are told by the old gentleman, ready and happy to become a portion of the personal effects of any of us for 10,000 piasters (£80.) These Circassian girls look forward to this as being settled in life; and going to Stamboul is a fulfilment of their best wishes and desires, just as a young lady in London makes an "eligible" match. Our little friend with the blue eyes looked at us earnestly, in confirmation of papa's words, and made some of our party a present of shells she had just picked up, which she pantomimed would bear a fine polish. But a Circassian girl here and at Stamboul are two very different beings. At home she wanders about in plain and rough dress, only dreaming of the gold and decoration that may some day fall to her lot at Stamboul. On descending the mountain, we saw a number of Circassian women looking from among the brushwood at the ships. Directly we appeared, they dipped among the brushwood like so many specimens of "Jack in the Box." The Circassians are a remarkably good-looking race, —tall and well made, and generally fair, some, even of the older warriors, having quite pink cheeks; and, odd enough, when one considers their roaming life, their feet and hands are remarkably small. They

cut their skin-shoes to fit the foot exactly. In dress they carry a huge affair on the head, of the calpac species; a high cone of yellow cloth rises from a forest of fur which encircles the head; their coats are principally made of a coarse woollen fabric, and reach far below the knee. The higher orders have this of brilliant yellow cloth. Round the throat a linen under-garment buttons exactly; and over this is frequently worn a smart silk affair, showing between the folds of the coat. In their breast they carry about a score of bone or ivory cases, filled with loose powder, having the ball at the top. Some of the better sort wear smart scarlet leggings and yellow or red slippers; round the waist of all are fastened multitudinous knives and pistols upon a leather belt; and slung over the shoulder, in a cloth case, the rifle. They look altogether like a set of aristocratic savages. —*Correspondent of Times in Admiral Lyon's Squadron.*

A FRENCHWOMAN AT HOME.

She helps to cook the dinner she has bought—for servants are wasteful with charcoal, and she knows to an inch how little she can use. In that marvellous place, a French kitchen—where two or three little holes in a stove cook such delicate dishes, and perform such culinary feats as our great roaring giants of coal-fires have no conception of—she flies about like a fairy, creating magical messes out of raw material

of the most ordinary description. She mixes up the milk and eggs that make the foundation of the *soupe à l'oseille*, if it be meagre-day. This sorrel soup is a great favourite in economical households, and is vaunted as being highly *rafraîchissant* for the blood—indeed, one of the most refreshing things you can take next to a *tisane* of lime-flowers. She mixes the salad; oil, salt, and pepper are all she puts into it. She fries the potato chips, or peeps into the pot of haricots, or sees that the spinach is clean, and the asparagus properly boiled. And then she turns to the *plat sucré*, or sweet dish—if she have one for dinner—the *riz au rhum*, or the *œufs à la neige*, or the *crème à la vanille*,—all simple enough and cheap, and not unwittingly rejected if properly made. In fact, our friend does the work of a head-cook, the servant doing the dirty work. Yes, though a lady born and bred, refined, elegant, and agreeable in society, a *belle* in her way, yet she does not think it beneath her dignity to lighten the household expenses by practical economy and activity. The dinner of a French family is cheap and simple. There is always soup, the meat of the stew-pan; sometimes, if not strict in expenditure, another plate of meat; generally two vegetables dressed, and eaten separately; and sometimes, not always, a sweet dish; if not that, a little fruit, such as may be cheapest and in the ripest season. But there is very little of each thing; and it is rather in arrangement than in material that they appear rich. The idea that the French

are *gourmands* in private life, is incorrect. They spend little in eating, and they eat inferior things, though their cookery is rather a science than a mere accident of civilization. At home the great aim of the French is to save; and any self-sacrifice that will lead to this result is cheerfully undertaken, more especially in eating, and in the luxury of mere idleness. No Frenchwoman will spend a shilling to save herself trouble. She would rather work like a dray-horse to buy an extra yard of ribbon, or a new pair of gloves, than lie on the softest sofa in the world in placid fine-ladyism, with crumpled gauze or bare hands.—*Dickens' Household Words.*

RANK AND TITLES IN SWEDEN.

Nothing seems to astonish the good people about me so much as the notion of my not having a title. It is always the first thing to be ascertained before you can venture to address any one. A good lady who had looked into an old English peerage thought she had discovered mine, and called me instantly, "The Right Honourable Miss." But when I petitioned to be addressed only as madame, my little waiting-maid, after almost staring her eyes out, precipitately left the room to give vent to her laughter in another. "A madam" is the title given here to charwomen and the lower order of working women. The pronoun "you" is never used in conversation;

it is an offence to say it to a servant. To all classes you must either speak in the third person, addressing them by name or title, or use the familiar pronoun,—the sign of love, friendship, or familiarity,—“thou.” General acquaintances must always be addressed by the title, whatever little it be, whether of rank, or office, or employment, or even of trade. I was once seriously embarrassed by not knowing the name of a coachmaker from whom I had hired a carriage, because I had only heard him called Mr. Coachmaker. Wives take their husbands’ titles, and are quite as tenacious of them. Thus, you address a clergyman as priest, and his wife as priestess; a major’s wife is majorskan; a colonel’s, ofverstinna; and one lady has sent me her card, in French, “Madame le general.” And every time you speak you must use the title, “Will generalskan be so good as to give me generalskan’s company,” &c. I asked my grefve if I ought to say kammerjunkerskan,—which title, I believe, would signify, “female young gentleman of the chamber;” but he told me one could not use the feminine of kammerjunker.

AN ENGLISH HOUSE DESCRIBED BY A FRENCHMAN.

You enter. The house, which is not usually wider than two or three ordinary windows, can afford only the narrowest possible space for a staircase. This staircase is nearly always of wood, and creaks dread-

fully when trodden upon. It is covered with a band of carpet or oil-cloth. The windows are ornamented with painted blinds. You enter your sitting-room. A carpet covers the floor all the year round ; but this carpet is again covered with bits of other carpet, linen bands, and scraps of oil-cloth, which almost hide the fundamental carpet. The walls are covered with a blazing pattern after a French design. Some friends gave me some prints to hang up ; but the landlady was horrified at the idea of driving nails into her splendid paper, and placed my presents upon chairs. This accounted for what I had often noticed in England, and had mistaken for carelessness,—viz., that, to avoid driving nails into the walls, the English will place pictures upon chairs about their rooms. Even for a Rubens or a Lawrence they would not drive a nail through paper of the value of two shillings a-piece ! An immense table, covered with an immense blue cloth, bordered with an immense fringe, takes up an immense space in my sitting-room. I lift the cloth, and discover a table, as substantial as a bridge, supported by enormous columns. It cannot be a table—it must be an *entresol*. I can throw my papers and books carelessly about it—even when the vast breakfast tray is upon it—and then desert *steppes* of great extent are left around. Should this table become, in the course of ages, fossil, it will discover to future generations a specimen of the colossal furniture of our time. Then there is a long massive, faded sofa, that has suffered from the effects of the carboniferous atmosphere—it is

hard, and in no way inviting. The eye even does not care to rest upon it; and the eye is right. People who try to leave it, wonder whether it was originally built to contain coals. Chairs, which can be lifted only with two hands, are distributed here and there; but the most curious part of the furniture is a huge ebony affair opposite the windows. Think of two towers united by a platform or terrace, each two storeys. The first is divided in two parts—let us say two rooms. Under the platform, which is ornamented with a massive sculptured balcony, is a secret passage, which, but for its Babylonian proportions, might be called a drawer. From the flat and polished terrace there must be a fine view. I never asked the use of this wooden edifice—it might be either a fortress or an organ. If we were all about the size of Polyphemus, I should say it was perhaps an ugly sideboard in some dining-room inhabited by the Cyclops. But as human affairs stand, I cannot see what use it can serve, except, perhaps, for a barricade! Do you wish by chance to roast an ox? Come to my room in London—everything is colossal here. The grate is so large that it is impossible to make a little fire in it on a day in June. It wants no little effort to lift the shovel or the tongs. Above this colossal grate is a glass, but placed so high that I can but just catch a glimpse of my eyebrows in it. Two immense bell-ropes, with cockades as large as the top of a hat, complete this formidable furniture, in the midst of which man is a Lilliputian. I need not dwell upon the details of my bedroom furniture. The bed,

which should be capacious, is narrow, like a berth on board a steamboat ; the mattress about as elastic as a sea biscuit.—*Un Voyage de Desagrémens à Londres*, by Jules Leconte.

ETIQUETTE IN CHINA.

Sir John Bowring, speaking of the customs of the Chinese, says : “Certainly in that country there is much to learn, and much, no doubt, we see there to avoid ; but much we discover there which may instruct. You, perhaps, know that there is no lady in China, who aspires to a high position in her country, who does not look upon it as a great accomplishment, and a great pleasure, not to be able to walk. I have seen beautiful women carried to their marriage ceremonies on the backs of their slaves, wholly unable to walk from one end of a room to the other. I remember once travelling with a great mandarin, in China, who said to me : ‘Is it true that, in your country, there are ladies with great feet who know how to behave themselves?’ I replied that I knew many. He said : ‘It is very curious, indeed ; we never get any of the sort in China.’ Not long ago, an English lady, a friend of mine, was introduced into high society in Canton ; and the Chinese ladies, not having seen an English-woman before, were very curious to look at her feet. They said : ‘It is very strange—she has very good manners ; what a wonder it is that such a savage as

that should be able to behave herself in good society ! Look at her great feet ! What could her father and mother be thinking of, to let her grow to this size, and to let her feet grow with her person ?' One of the Chinese ladies observed : 'To be sure she knows how to behave herself ; but you know she has been in our company for some time in Canton.' That is a trait of Chinese barbarism."

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

The Indians in Lower Canada are tall and well-formed men, of a copper colour, and a most scornful and savage expression of countenance. Their dress chiefly consists of white or red blankets thrown over the shoulders, and hanging down to the ankles ; and some of them wear a large round gorget of polished brass upon their breasts. They have girdles around their bodies, in which are placed knives, tomahawks, and a tobacco-pouch ; and, instead of shoes, they use mocassins—a kind of slipper fastened with sandals, and made with "carrabou," the skin of the moose-deer. The dress of the females is similar, except that some of them wear bodices of skin beautifully ornamented with beads and porcupine quills, and mocassins and kirtles adorned in the same manner. A few have gorgets, and all wear ear-rings, necklaces, bracelets, &c. Some of the men at Point Levi had tomahawks, and bows and arrows ; and the precision with which

they shot their arrows at a mark, fifty or sixty yards distant, was astonishing. The huts in which they resided were chiefly formed of blankets, or matting brought to a point at the top ; though some of them were covered with bark. There were a few pots and pans within ; and the smoke of their charcoal and wood fires had to find its own way out, though most of the huts had an aperture left at the top. Hunting, shooting, and fishing, are the only employments of the men ; and the wandering tribes sometimes bring the skins of wild animals they kill in the winter to Quebec and Montreal in the summer, instead of selling or bartering them to the fur companies at their stations. The tribes encamped at Point Levi were of a much wilder character than those who live near Quebec ; but it is impossible to form a just idea of the North American Indian in his native state, "when wild in woods the noble savage ran," from those who reside among the whites. They soon become contaminated with the vices, but graced with none of the virtues of civilization.

TURKISH HABITS.

Personal cleanliness being enjoined upon all true believers of the Kur-ân, it is considered an act of great piety to erect baths and public fountains. Those baths are divided into three compartments : 1st, The saloon, where you undress and leave your clothes behind you, your head-gear being pinned on to the

top by way of ticket or label; 2d, The tepidarium, where, wrapt up in large towels, you repose on cushions till you are gradually acclimated to the heated atmosphere; and 3d, The bath itself. Here, when you are in a state of free perspiration, you are rubbed with silk bags by an attendant, then water of the desired temperature is poured over you, then you are washed with perfumed soap, then more water is dashed over you; after which you are swathed up in soft towels, and are carried, more like a batch of hot rolls in a blanket than a human being, into the dressing saloon. There you recline on comfortable cushions, and, with a boy gently fanning you, can smoke, and drink sherbet or coffee; or else, lulled into a dreamy state of languor, can "*kief*" away the pleasant minutes, until you are cooled down again into your natural temperature.

The houses of the Mussulmen are adorned with select sentences invoking the blessing of Allah. These are fantastically written, and gaudily framed, and are usually suspended over the gateways, &c:

A bunch of garlic, mingled with coloured beads, is suspended from the eaves of each house, as a charm to avert the evil eye.

Backgammon and all games of chance are played by the Mohammedans only for amusement. Gambling is a vice almost unknown amongst them.

Their coffee-shops and shaving-shops are generally one and the same thing. You are shaved first, and then have your coffee. For shaving, you lie down on

a sofa, as if you were in bed ; and when one cheek is shaved, you turn over, and present the other. The razor strop is a long piece of leather that dangles from the barber's waist ; and their razors are not unlike our common military razors.

The coffee is served up in little cups, scarcely bigger than our egg-cups. One of our brave tars, at Constantinople, upon emptying one of these thimblefulls, cried out : " This is capital ! Here, waiter, just bring me a dozen of these."

The Turks, when they eat, do not use either chairs or tables. A small stool is put in the middle of the room, and on that is placed a large circular copper tray. They tuck their legs as well as they can under this tray. One napkin does duty for all. They use no cloth, knives, forks, plates, or glasses.

Solid food is picked up with the fingers ; but for the liquid dishes, wooden spoons are provided.

The bread is never cut with a knife, as to do so is considered sinful. It is always broken by the hands.

Their dishes are exceedingly numerous, consisting frequently of twelve or fifteen, sweet and meat dishes making their appearance in alternate succession. Thus, a Turkish dinner will run as follows :—soup, kabob, vegetables and meat cooked together, pastry, fish, more vegetables and meat, blancmange, entremêt, macaroni, jelly, more vegetables and meat, fowls, sweet dish, pilaf, sherbet.

They drink no wine—your true believer setting his lips against all wine. Water is served in a crystal

goblet. A species of ardent spirit, called *raki*, is taken before the meals as an appetizer.

Hospitality being enjoined at all times by the Kur-àn, dinner parties are never given.

The Sultan is obliged, every Friday at noon, to visit one of the imperial mosques; and on such occasions he is attended by his turban-bearer and stool-bearer.

The people enjoy the privilege of presenting petitions to the Sultan as he goes to mosque on a Friday. These appeals are rarely attended to, as they are handed over to the heads of the different departments, and their invariable practice is never to take any notice of them.

The Sultan is allowed seven wives; but other Musulmen must not go beyond the privileged number of four.

The Sultan takes but two meals a-day, like any other Turk—one in the morning, and the other at sunset. He always takes his meals alone, for, as no one is equal to him, no one can have the honour of his company.

The Turks, in general, possess no mathematical, philosophical, or scientific learning.

The ladies of the harem have but one room to sleep in at night, and to receive their guests in during the day. Their beds are spread upon the floor, taken up in the morning, and packed away in closets. The mattresses and coverlets are made of the brightest colours, looking like very elegant shake-downs. The sheets are made of transparent silk gauze, manufac-

tured only in Turkey. The pillows are ornamented with bunches of gay ribbons. The effect is not unlike the fanciful bedding that some English children delight in putting on their dolls' bedsteads.

There are no bells or bell-ropes in the harem ; so that when a lady requires the use of a servant, she has to clap her hands until one makes her appearance.

They have no fires ; but there is a large wooden box, like one of our big drums, and this is lined with tin, and a pan of fire is placed underneath it. This box is covered with a handsome quilt, or table-cover, and the ladies sit round it for warmth. It is only lately that stoves have been known.

The ladies can rarely read or write. They never wear corsets or stays.

No Turkish lady can dispense with jewellery ; and even women of the lowest rank adorn themselves with diamonds.

The Turkish children are half strangled in swaddling clothes, presenting the appearance of a miniature Egyptian mummy, beautifully embroidered. The curious bundle looks, to speak profanely, like a human grub, stamped prematurely with the vivid colours of a butterfly.

A sofa generally runs round the sides of a Turkish room, on which the ladies sit, not cross-legged, but with their legs folded under their persons, and carefully concealed by the drapery of their long robes. It is considered extremely vulgar to shew the leg.

Previous to stepping on to the couch, they leave

their slippers on the floor; and when they walk over the tessellated pavement, or go into the garden, they put on *naluns*, which are a sort of ornamental wooden clogs, only standing much higher.

The title of Sultana is not given to the wives of the Sultan, but only to the females of the royal blood. The wives are called *kaduns*.

When Turkish ladies of equal rank visit one another, they kiss the hem of each other's garments. When of inferior rank, the visitor is met at the door of the saloon by the lady of the house, or sometimes the latter merely steps down from the sofa. When the visitor is seated, long chibouques, with amber mouth-pieces set in diamonds, are offered by the slaves. After this, sweetmeats are handed on a silver tray, with crystal goblets of water; after which follows coffee. Previous to departure, sherbet is served; and then the guest is reconducted in the same way in which she was received.

The servants are always present, and remain at the lower end of the room, with their arms folded on their girdles.

The eunuchs are always black, being natives educated for the profession, and imported from Nubia. They are generally very ugly.

When the wealth of a Mussulman enables him to have several different wives, they have each their own private apartments and servants; and, although under the same roof, they visit each other with all the etiquette and ceremony of perfect strangers.

No Turkish lady, be she young or old, appears in public without the indispensable veil. Even black ladies fortify their modesty with this muslin protection.—*Lloyd's Newspaper*.

AN EVENING PARTY IN SYRIA.

First, then, we will introduce the stranger into the house where the *firah* (feast) is to be held. Women are busily occupied washing out and sweeping the court-yard; the flowers and other plants are well watered; the marble fountain is decorated with coloured lanterns and festoons of flowers; carpets are spread, and divan cushions ranged against the walls; the *mistaba* is tastefully lighted; and a highly inflammable torch, composed of the fat wood of fir, resin, and other ingredients, is planted in each of the four corners. In the smoking apartment of the *mistaba*, preparations are making on a grand scale. Large bags of ready-washed and prepared *timbac* are hung upon nails in the wall to filter, and to be fit for immediate use when the *narghilies* are called into requisition. Tobacco-pouches are filled. Two additional *mangals* of charcoal-fire and some additional coffee-pots are prepared.

Decanters are filled with *arraki*, wine, liqueurs, orange-flower and rose water; and the cut-glass saucers replenished with candied preserves; whilst two maid-servants and a boy, assisted and superintended by the mistress of the house, are busy grinding coffee and decocting huge bowls of deliciously-iced

lemonade. In addition to all this a side-table is groaning under the weight of plates of sliced oranges and picked pomegranates, with numerous other fruits, and a great variety of pastry. By the time all these arrangements are completed, the night sets in, the whole yard is illuminated, the members of the household and the servants are busily engaged donning their best attire, and the company of hired musicians arrive.

The music striking up is the signal for the nearest invited neighbours to make their appearance. They arrive,—the men clad in long, loose silken robes, the women enveloped in their white *izars*; but these latter are speedily thrown aside at the invitation of the lady of the house, who assists in helping the guests to disrobe, and then confides their *izars* to the trusty care of the handmaiden. Now, these veils are all of the same make, and they have no initials or other distinguishing mark. Notwithstanding this, no confusion ensues on the breaking up of a party as to identification; every lady is quick to recognize her own peculiar *izar*, from the mass of white sheets that are folded and piled one above another, upon the divan in the up-stairs dressing-room. Soon the whole party have arrived, and the amusements of the evening commence with vocal and instrumental music.

After this, some of the gentlemen stand up and go through the graceful attitudes of the Syrian dance. Then some others volunteer the sword dance, or the Bedouin dance. Some of the married ladies then take courage; but it requires coaxing and threats to

induce the timid damsel to display her skill. Persuasion being out of the question, some old gentleman gets up, and pretends that he is going to dance instead of her; and he goes through a few steps till he comes close up to some girl that he has singled out from the circle. Seizing her arm with no very gentle force, he whirls her into the centre of the yard; and, meanwhile, some one who has watched the manœuvre acts the same part by some other blushing maiden. These are confronted face to face, and there is now no escape; so they commence, at first timidly and bashfully, but, getting gradually excited by the music, they lose all this pretended bashfulness, and do their best to outshine each other;—and, truly, there is rarely a more graceful sight than two beautiful Damascene girls, elegantly dressed and bespangled with jewels, displaying their graceful figures to the best advantage, to the slow but becoming measure of the dance.

All the other young ladies now follow their example; and, as each couple retires at the termination of their efforts to please, they are hailed with shouts of applause, and liberally besprinkled with rose and orange-flower water.

The old ladies evince their approbation by a peculiar vibrating scream, produced by the voice passing through the nearly closed lips, whilst the under lip is kept in a continual tremulous state by the rapid application of the back of the fore-finger to that feature.

When dancing is over for the evening, games of

forfeit are introduced, and promote much mirth ; especially one game called "*Tuthun, tuthun, min tuthun?*" — a game of Turkish origin, as its name denotes, and which is played thus : Every one in the circle takes the name of a bird, a tree, or a flower, whilst the king of the game goes round and collects in a handkerchief some small article from each one present. These he afterwards shuffles together ; and then, drawing out one, which he carefully conceals in his hand, he fixes upon some one in the circle to whom he puts the question, "*Tuthun, tuthun, min tuthun?*" or, "Tobacco, tobacco, whose is it?" The party fixed upon is obliged to guess, and he names some bird or flower which he heard some one call himself ; if the guess is wrong, he has to hold out his hand and receive three stripes from a closely knotted handkerchief, and then the party referred to is next obliged to guess to whom the "*Tuthun*" belongs ; and so on round the circle till the right name has been discovered. Then the king resigns his post and handkerchief, and is relieved in his office by him or her that made the right guess. After these games, some one tells a story, or recites a poem.—*Habeeb Effendi's Thistle and Cedar of Lebanon.*

A LADY OF DAMASCUS.

We will first describe the daughter of the host,—a very fair specimen of her sex in Damascus. Her

eyes are beautifully dark, her eyelashes, eyebrows, and hair, of a glossy jet black ; the latter, tinged with *henna*, hangs down her back, and reaches nearly to the ground in a succession of plaits, each terminating with black silk braid knotted and interwoven with various sized golden coins ; her features (excepting the eyes) are all small, but compact. The nose is Grecian, the lips cherry, and slightly pouting, the chin dimpled, the form of the face oval, and the complexion clear, with a rosy tint. The bust and figure are unexceptionable, the arms comely, the wrists and ankles well turned, and the feet and hands perfect models for a sculptor ; yet this is one out of the many nondescript beings that we encountered, with *izar* and veil, in the street. Her face and figure are well set off by the head-dress and oriental costume.

On the top of her head she wears a small red cap, which is encircled by a handsomely flowered handkerchief ; and over the latter, strings of pearls and pieces of small gold money are tastefully arranged in festoons. In the centre of her red cap is a diamond crescent, from which hangs a long golden cord with a blue silk tassel, usually ornamented with pearls ; her vest fits tight, and admirably displays the unlaced figure. In summer this vest is of blue or pink satin, bordered and fringed with gold lace ; in winter, cloth, edged with fur, is substituted for the satin ; and over the vest is worn a short grey jacket, chastely embroidered with black silk braid.

The vest is confined to the waist by a *zunnar*; in summer, of a silk Tripoli scarf; in winter, by a costly cashmere shawl; and from under this a long robe reaches to her ankles, and is divided into two long lappels, lined with satin and fringed with costly trimmings. This latter robe partially conceals the *shirwal*, or full trousers, which hang loosely over, and are fastened round the ankles; the tasty mixture of colours, and the graceful arrangement, render the costume a perfect study.

Latterly, European shoes have been much used by the Damascene ladies, especially those gaily flowered kid shoes imported into Syria from Marseilles. This completes the young lady's toilet; and her walk and action are as graceful as her figure and face are prepossessing; but beyond the *naam* (yes) and *la* (no) of conversation, you can seldom get a word from her, unless you are a very intimate friend of the family; and then these young ladies are as fond of a little romping or quizzing as their more accomplished and more elegant sisters of the north.

It is a mistake to imagine that the natives of the Turkish empire are wholly excluded from any friendly intercourse with the women of those countries,—a tale which has gained credence, and been perseveringly maintained by travellers, few of whom have ever had an opportunity of testing the truth of the report by personal experience. Amongst the higher classes of the Greek persuasion in particular, every freedom exists in-doors; young ladies not only shew themselves, but,

after serving the guest with coffee and sweetmeats, they will seat themselves on the edge of the divan, and soon manage to join in the conversation.

This state of freedom exists to a greater or less degree till the young girl is betrothed ; then it is not considered decorous that she should be present whenever her intended bridegroom visits the house, neither should she hear his name mentioned. Even amongst Turks, and more especially in the villages and smaller towns of Syria, the young Mohammedan sees and converses with the future object of his love until she attains her eleventh or twelfth year. She is then excluded from the society of men ; but womanhood has already begun to develope itself in the person of the girl of ten or eleven years old in these climates, where they are oftentimes wives and mothers at thirteen. Hence love exists between the young couple before the destined bridegroom urges his mother to make the requisite proposals of marriage. He loses sight of his lady-love as soon as she enters upon womanhood, though he may, by means of a third party, catch an occasional glimpse of her features as she passes to and fro, strictly guarded by matrons and old duennas ; but not a single word or one bewitching kiss can the despairing lover hope for until she is brought home to his house, his lawful consort and partner for life ; then, and not till then, commences the great seclusion of the ladies of the Turkish harem. Even this, in country places and villages, though the newly-married bride may be strictly

guarded for a year or two, eventually wears off, and the women mix in the everyday occupations of the field or in the garden, unveiled and undistinguishable from their Christian neighbours.—*Ibid.*

AN ARAB WEDDING BALL.

A curtain, drawn across the door of the tent, concealed the bride, who, closely veiled, sat within, surrounded by women. On the outside, between four and five hundred people were collected, and a clear space was kept in the middle for the dancers, by two men with drawn swords, who vigorously applied, right and left, the flat of the blade to all who pressed too forward. On one side of the ring squatted the band, consisting of two men, with instruments like flageolets, and a drummer who occasionally accompanied the music with his voice. In the centre was a middle-aged woman, dressed in the usual dark blue cotton garments, but decked with all her ornaments—ear-rings, bracelets, and a necklace, to which sundry charms and amulets, teeth of wild beasts, verses of the Kur-ân sewn up in little bags, and various other odds and ends, considered as protections from the evil eye, were suspended; a large circular brooch of silver or white metal (the same in form as those used by the Scotch Highlanders) confined the loose folds across her bosom; and a small looking-glass, set in metal, dangled conveniently at the end of a string of sufficient length to

allow of her admiring her charms in detail. Her face was uncovered, and her features were harsh and disagreeable, except the eyes, which were large and expressive, with that peculiar lustrous appearance given by the use of mineral paint. Her feet were hardly visible from the length of her dress; and her finger-nails, together with the palms of her hands, were stained with henna. As soon as we had taken our stand in the front row, the music, which had ceased for a few minutes, struck up, and the lady in the midst commenced her performances; inclining her head languishingly from side to side, she beat time with her feet, raising each foot alternately from the ground with a jerking action, as if she had been standing on a hot floor, at the same time twisting about her body, with a slow movement of the hands and arms. Several others succeeded her, and danced in the same style, with an equal want of grace. A powerful inducement to exert themselves was not wanting, for one of them more than once received some tolerably severe blows, both from a stick and the flat of the sword; what the reason was I do not know, but suppose that either she was lazy or danced badly. While the dancing was going on the spectators were not idle; armed with guns, pistols, and blunderbusses with enormous bell mouths, an irregular fire was kept up. Advancing a step or two into the circle, so as to shew off before the whole party, an Arab would present his weapon at a friend opposite, throwing himself into a

graceful attitude, then suddenly dropping the muzzle at the instant of pulling the trigger, the charge struck the ground close to the feet of the person aimed at. After each report, the women set up a long-continued shrill cry of *lu-lu, lu-lu*, and the musicians redoubled their efforts. The advance of one man is usually the signal for others to come forward at the same time, all anxious to surpass their friends and neighbours in dexterity and grace. Ten or a dozen men being crowded into a small space, sometimes not more than six paces wide, brandishing their arms, and, excited by the mimic combat, firing often at random, it is not to be wondered at if accidents happen occasionally to the actors or bystanders.—*Kennedy's Algeria and Tunis.*

VILLAGE LIFE IN CHINA.

It continued to rain, and we were glad to proceed a little farther on to a small village, where there was an inn, in which we took up our quarters for the night. The landlord paid me the most marked attention. When I entered the hall, tea was set before me as usual; but, in this instance, a curiously-shaped teaspoon was in the cup, and the tea was sweetened with sugar. I had never seen the Chinese use either sugar or teaspoons before, and was rather surprised; and it is still a question with me, whether we are not indebted to them for our mode of *making* tea, as well

as for the tea itself. It was only on our first entering that this was done; for, when tea was brought afterwards, it was always made in the usual way,—that is, the leaves were put into a cup, and boiling water poured over them. To the question usually put to Sing-Hoo, of “who his master was?” he invariably returned the same answer: “A Loi-ya from a far country beyond the great wall.” I much doubt whether he had himself a clearer idea of the position of England than his answer conveyed to his interrogator. In the present case, however, this being in a small village, and our host himself a simple countryman, the information that his guest was a Loi-ya, produced a marked effect, and his attentions were redoubled, until they became quite irksome. He made a great many excuses for the poorness of the fare which he set before me: “Had I only sent him notice of the honour I intended doing him by coming to his house, he would have been better prepared,” and so on.

Between nine and ten o'clock at night, and just as I was retiring to rest, Sing-Hoo came and informed me that the landlord wished me to partake of a fine supper which he had prepared. I think he called it the Tein-sin. I believe this is not an unusual proceeding on the part of Chinese landlords, when they have any one in their houses whom they “delight to honour.” Being perfectly ignorant of the existence of such a custom, I desired my servant to beg the landlord to excuse me, as I had had my

dinner, and did not feel inclined to eat anything more that night. Sing-Hoo, however, said it was a most unusual proceeding to refuse the Tein-sin; and thinking it better to conform to the customs of the country, I followed him into the hall. There I found a table covered with many Chinese dishes. Our host had killed some fowls for the occasion, which had been cut up into small pieces, and were served up with, or rather in, some excellent soup. Had I been at all hungry, I might have made an excellent meal; but, in the present circumstances, I could not be expected to enjoy it with much relish. The landlord waited upon me himself, and pressed me to eat. He kept constantly pointing to the different dishes, saying: "Eat this, eat this," in his most pressing manner. I tasted the different dishes, eating more or less of each as they took my fancy; and, at last, considering I had gone quite as far as even Chinese politeness required, I laid down my chopsticks, and expressed my delight at the manner in which the Tein-sin had been served.

Early the next morning our host appeared, and informed me that the Tein-sin was ready. I partook of it in the same manner as I had done the night before, but with much greater relish. To my surprise, however, a few minutes afterwards, my breakfast was placed upon the table, as if I had eaten nothing. Sing-Hoo now presented himself, and asked what he was to give the landlord for the treatment we had received, observing, at the same time, that he would

make no charge. Of course I was obliged to give the man a handsome present. Half-suspecting that Sing-IIoo or the coolies had been at the bottom of the Tein-sin affair, I desired him to take care and discourage everything of the kind for the future. I knew that I had still a long journey before me, and many expenses, and it would not do for me to run short of money by the way.—*Fortune's Journey to the Tea Countries of China.*

THE WOMEN OF SPAIN.

On the Alameda, or public walk of Malaga, such a variety of colours meet and dazzle the eye as to make the stranger at once conclude, that, whatever attractive qualities Spanish women may possess, taste in dress cannot be considered among them. The most striking novelty, on first landing in Spain, is the *mantilla*, or black veil, which is generally worn, although, here and there, bonnets are creeping in, and Spanish women are sacrificing the only becoming peculiarity they have left, in order to imitate the fashions of their neighbours. There is an elegance and a dressy appearance about the mantilla which create surprise at its not having been adopted by other nations ; and if Spaniards could only be made to feel how unbecoming bonnets are to them, the rich masses of whose splendid hair prevent the bonnet being properly worn, they would cherish the man-

tilla as conferring on them a peculiar charm, in which they are safe to fear no rivals.

I know that I shall be accused of insensibility and want of taste, when I confess that my first disappointment on landing in Spain, was the almost total absence of beauty amongst the Spanish women. Poets have sung of Spain's "dark glancing daughters," and travellers have wandered through the country with minds so deeply impressed with the preconceived idea of the beauty of the women, that they have found them all their imaginations so fondly pictured, and in their works have fostered, what I cannot help maintaining is a mere delusion, — one of the many in which people still indulge when they think and dream of Spain.

The women of Spain have magnificent eyes, beautiful hair, and generally fine teeth; but more than that cannot be said by those who are content to give an honest and candid opinion. I have rarely seen one whose features could be called strictly beautiful; and that bewitching grace and fascination about their figures and their walk which they formerly possessed, have disappeared with the high comb which supported the mantilla, and the narrow basquina which gave a peculiar character to their walk. With the change in their costume those distinctive charms have vanished. The gaudy colours which now prevail have destroyed the elegance that always accompanies black,—in which alone, some years since, a lady could appear in public. No further proof of this is

required, than to see the same people at church, where black is still considered indispensable, and on the Alameda, with red dresses and yellow shawls, or some colours equally gaudy, and combined with as little regard to taste.

Although I have not yet discovered the beauty of Spanish women, I must say that the *Malaguenians* are fairly entitled, in all that does exist, to dispute the palm with the inhabitants of any other town we have visited. There are some very pretty faces, and very characteristic of the Spanish countenance. They are generally very dark, and almost all have that peculiar projecting brow which gives to the face quite a character of its own.

The women have a universal custom of putting fresh flowers in their hair. It strikes one much, upon first arriving, to see those of every class, even the poorest, with some flower or another most gracefully placed in their rich black hair; the beauty of which is not a little enhanced by the bright red rose or snowy jessamine contrasting so well with their raven tresses. The hair is generally worn plain—curls being seldom seen, for they do not suit the mantilla; and if flowers cannot be procured, some bright ribbon is invariably worn as a substitute. The love of brilliant and showy colours, appearing to form a ruling passion in the present day, offers a singular contrast to the fashion twenty years ago, when a lady who would have ventured into the street dressed in anything but black would have been mobbed and insulted by the people.



Our first visit to the theatre at Malaga confirmed my impressions of the exaggerated accounts generally given of Spanish beauty.—*Lady Louisa Tension's Castile and Andalusia.*

THE AGUADORS OF GRANADA.

One class of men more peculiar to Granada we must not pass unnoticed,—viz., the aguadors who abound in this water-loving town. There are two or three springs from which these men take the water, to sell it in the squares and streets. One is the Algibes, or reservoirs, in the Alhambra; and another favourite fountain is the Avellanos, in the valley of the Darro, a shady spot embowered in a forest of hazel, whence it takes its name. Here, at all hours of the day the aguadors may be seen filling their jars; some carrying it about on their backs in tin vessels set in cork bark, which is found to act as a refrigerator; others, possessing a four-footed beast to relieve them of their burdens, load their donkeys with two jars on each side, which, covered with green leaves to keep the water fresh and cool, buried under the foliage surrounding them, really appear like a walking forest.

The aguadors themselves are an independent, off-hand sort of people; some of them very amusing, and full of all sorts of anecdote.

Never was a nation so fond of water as the Spaniards; and the quantity they get through would

have excited the unqualified admiration of Priessnitz himself. They have a variety of expressions to define its qualities, perfectly inexplicable to the stranger, who strives in vain to detect the differences which entitle water to such epithets as rich and poor, fat and thin. "Change of water" is here the regular phrase, instead of "change of air;" and water, as a beverage, seems to be regarded with as much veneration by the Spaniards as the Moors looked on it as a means of purification. In the latter sense the inhabitants of Andalusia do not make much use of it.

The scanty accommodation afforded for the use of water externally, is rather striking to the traveller. In travelling by diligence, he may notice two or three basins arranged in the dining-room, or the passage leading to it, for the accommodation of those who arrive, and wish to indulge in the extraordinary luxury of washing their hands; but this is only where a higher degree of civilization has been reached. In small inns in out-of-the-way towns, a barber's basin is sometimes all you can obtain for your ablutions; and although water to drink may be procured here with greater facility and purity than in any other country, water to wash is a very difficult article to obtain.—*Ibid.*

AN ABYSSINIAN FEAST.

On convenient occasions the Abyssinians of the best fashion in the villages, courtiers in the palace, or

citizens in the town, of both sexes, meet together to dine between twelve and one o'clock. A long table is set in the middle of a large room, and benches beside it for the number of guests who are invited. A cow or bull (one or more, as the company is numerous) is brought close to the door, and his feet strongly tied. The skin that hangs down under his chin and throat is cut only so deep as to arrive at the fat, and, by the separation of a few small blood-vessels, six or seven drops of blood fall upon the ground. Having satisfied the Mosaic law, according to their conception, by pouring these six or seven drops upon the ground, two or more of them fall to work. On the back of the beast, and on each side of the spine, they cut skin-deep; then putting their fingers between the flesh and the skin, they strip the hide of the animal half-way down his ribs, and so on to the rump, cutting the skin wherever it presents any impediment to their operations. All the flesh of the haunches is then cut off, and in solid square pieces, without bones or much effusion of blood; and the prodigious noise the animal makes is a signal for the company to sit down to table.

There are then laid before every guest, instead of plates, round cakes, about twice as big as a pancake, and somewhat thicker and tougher. They are made of a grain called teff; and though of a sourish taste, they are far from being disagreeable, and are very easily digested. Three or four of these cakes are generally laid upon each other for the food of the

person opposite to whose seat they are placed ; and beneath these, four or five others of the ordinary bread, which is of a blackish kind. These serve the master to wipe his fingers upon, and afterwards the servant for bread to his dinner. Two or three servants then come in with square pieces of beef in their bare hands, and lay them upon the cakes of teff.

By this time all the guests have knives in their hands ; the men have the large crooked ones which they put to all sorts of uses during the time of war, and the women have small clasp knives, such as the worst of the kind made at Birmingham. The company are so arranged that one man sits between two women. The man first cuts a thin piece off the large square, while you yet see the motion of the fibres ; the women then cut it lengthwise into strips, about the thickness of a finger, and crosswise into square pieces, something smaller than dice. This they lay upon a piece of the teff bread, strongly powdered with cayenne, or black pepper, and fossil salt ; they then wrap it up in teff bread like a cartridge.

In the meantime, the man having put up his knife, with a hand resting on each woman's knee, his body stooping, his head low and forward, and mouth open very like an idiot, turns to the one whose cartridge is first ready, who stuffs the whole of it into his mouth, which so fills it that he is in constant danger of being choked. The greater the man would seem to be, the larger piece he takes in his mouth ; and the more noise he makes in chewing it, the more polite he is

thought to be. They have, indeed, a proverb to this effect: "Beggars and thieves only eat small pieces, or without making a noise." Having despatched the first mouthful, his next female neighbour holds forth another cartridge, which goes the same way; and so on till he is satisfied. He never drinks till he has finished eating; and before he begins, in gratitude to the fair ones who fed him, he makes up two small rolls of the beef and teff bread; each of his neighbours then opens her mouth at the same time, while, with each hand, he puts in the roll. He then falls to drinking out of a large handsome horn; the ladies eat till they are satisfied, and then they all drink together.

A great deal of mirth and joke goes round, rarely with any mixture of acrimony or ill-humour. During the whole of this time the victim at the door still lives. As long as they can cut off flesh from the other parts they do not meddle with the thighs, or the parts where the great arteries are. At last they fall upon these also; and the animal, bleeding to death, becomes so tough that the servants, who have the rest of it to eat, are obliged to gnaw it from the bones like dogs.
—*Illustrations of Eating.*

NIGHT TRAVELLING IN ITALY.

We had taken our places in the *procaccia*, or carriage which conveys the courier and his letter-bags to Popoli and Acquila in the Abruzzi; and we had been charged to be ready, and at the post-office by

ten o'clock. We were true to time, but could see nothing of the courier, nor hear any note of preparation for departure. We walked down towards the Molo, and up and down the street opposite the Castello Nuovo, and returned to our rendezvous. No courier, no drawn-out carriage, no signs of post-horses, and not a man or boy to speak to that could give an intelligible answer, or to tell us when we really were to start. We went to the corner of the Rua Catalana, and dissipated a good half-hour in eating water-melons and gossiping with the thorough-bred Neapolitan (*uomo del Popolo*) who vended them. We then went back to the post-office, where a functionary or understrapper comforted us with a "*Subito, signori, subito*,"—presently, presently. But still no sign of horses, or of the courier, or of his bags, without which there was no departing.

As the clocks were striking the midnight hour, we saw the mail-bags brought to the coach, and the courier coming out of a room under the archway. Now, at last, we are off. Not a bit of it! The courier made himself invisible again. My patience vanished with him, and I began to inquire, in the vernacular, and perhaps with some loudness of voice and a touch of Neapolitan gesticulation, what this irregularity and protracted delay could mean.

"Signori," said a fellow in a white nightcap, "they are gone to refresh their souls with a mass."

"Who are gone to mass at this hour?" said I.

“Don Pepino, and the postilion who is to drive you, and the gentleman who is to be your fellow-traveller as far as Sulmona,” responded white nightcap.

“But this is a strange hour for mass.”

“*Niente affatto*,—not at all, please your excellency; to-morrow, or to-day—for we are in it—is a grand festa of the holy and blessed Virgin, and mass must be heard by Christians, and there will be no time to hear it on the road, and Christians are Christians; and they do say that there are brigands out on the Abruzzi, and that people may get *accasi*—killed.”

We had heard as much as the latter part of nightcap’s speech before; but we had detected so many exaggerations and lies, that we had become incredulous to every report. I asked the man what church they had gone to for their mass. He told me that they had gone to no church at all; that there was a chapel for midnight masses in the post-office, as an indispensable part of the establishment; and he pointed to the door, a few yards from us, which led to it. We went, and found within that door a narrow staircase, which smelt more strongly of tobacco and other fumes than of incense. We thought that we must have mistaken the direction, but the tinkling of a priest’s hand-bell reassured us. We ascended the stone staircase, and found a little chapel—not larger than a moderately-sized English parlour—and a tall tapestry-dressed priest saying mass, and eight or ten people genuflecting and crossing themselves. Among these were our courier, pos-

tilion, and fellow-traveller. The three looked very solemn by the light of those midnight tapers; but, owing to an owliness of countenance natural to him, and never changing, the courier looked by far the most solemn of the three.

Unless it be a *messa cantata*, no mass, whether at noonday or at midnight, lasts very long. We were soon out in the street; the horses then came up jingling their bells—the solemn courier ordered them to be put to; and when he had sworn an oath or two at some of the blundering, half-asleep understrappers—not neglecting our friend in the white nightcap—we were ensconced in the vehicle and were off.

It was one o'clock in the morning of the 15th of August. Naples was all asleep in the broad moonlight when we left it. The light was so brilliant that we could see distinctly every object along the road—the villas and farmhouses, and groups of habitations of the peasantry, the tall elm trees running in interminable rows, with the vines hanging in festoons from the one to the other.—*Macfarlane's Glance at Italy.*

EASTER FESTIVITIES IN RUSSIA.

It is particularly on the eve of a great Church festival that the Russian priest is sure of an abundant harvest of poultry, eggs, and meal. Easter is the most remarkable of these festivals, and lasts a whole

week. During the preceding seven weeks of Lent, the Russian must not eat either eggs, meat, fish, oil, butter, or cheese. His diet consists only of salted cucumbers, boiled vegetables, and different kinds of porridge. The fortitude with which he endures so long a penance, proves the mighty influence which religious ideas possess over such rude minds. During the last few days that precede the festival, he is not allowed to take any food before sunset, and then it may be fairly admitted that brandy is a real blessing for him.

To return to our Easter holidays. The last week of Lent is employed in making an immense quantity of cakes, buns, and Easter bread, and in staining eggs with all sorts of colours. A painter was brought expressly from Kherson to our entertainer's mansion for this purpose; and he painted more than one thousand eggs, most of them adorned with cherubims, fat-cheeked angels, virgins, and all the saints in paradise. The whole farm was turned topsy-turvy, the work was interrupted, and the steward's authority suspended. Every one was eager to assist in the preparations for merry-making; some put up the swings, others arranged the ball-room; some were intent on their devotions, others half-smothered themselves in the vapour baths, which are one of the most favourite indulgences of the Russian people;—all, in short, were busy in one way or other.

A man with a barrel organ had been engaged for a long while beforehand; and when he arrived every

face beamed with joy. The Russians are passionately fond of music. Often, in the long summer evenings, after their tasks are ended, they sit in a circle, and sing with a precision and harmony that evince a great natural aptitude for music. Their tunes are very simple, and full of melancholy; and as their plaintive strains are heard rising at evening from some lonely spot in the midst of the desert plain, they often produce emotions such as more scientific compositions do not always awaken.

At last, Easter day was come. In the morning we were greatly surprised to find our sitting-room filled with men who were waiting for us, and were, meanwhile, refreshing themselves with copious potations of brandy. The evening before we had been sent two bottles of that liquor, and a large basket of cakes and painted eggs, but without any intimation of the use they were to be put to; but we at once understood the meaning of this measure when we saw all these peasants in their Sunday trim, and a domestic serving out drink to them,—by way, I suppose, of beguiling the time until we made our appearance.

The moment my husband entered the room, all those red-bearded fellows surrounded him, and each, with great gravity, presented him with a painted egg, accompanying the gift with three stout kisses. In compliance with the custom of the country, my husband had to give each of them an egg in return, and a glass of brandy, after first putting it to his own lips. But the ceremony did not end there: "*Kooda barinya?*"

kooda barinya?" (Where is madame?) "*nadlegit*," (it must be so;) and so I was forced to come among them and receive my share of the eggs and embraces.

During all Easter week the peasant has a right to embrace whomsoever he pleases, not even excepting the emperor and the empress. This is a relic of the old patriarchal manners which prevailed so long unaltered all over northern Europe. In Russia, particularly, where extremes meet, the peasant to this day addresses the czar with *thou* and *thee*, and calls him father in speaking to him.

When we had got rid of these queer visitors, we repaired to the parlour, where the morning repast was served up with a profusion worthy of the times of Pantagruel. In the centre of the table stood a sucking pig, flanked with small hams, German sausages, chitterlings, black puddings, and large dishes of game. A magnificent pie, containing at least a dozen hares, towered like a fortress at one end of the table, and seemed quite capable of sustaining the most vehement onslaught of the assailants. The *sondag* and the *sterlet*, those choice fish of southern Russia, garnished with aromatic herbs, betokened the vicinity of the sea. Imagine, in addition to all these things, all sorts of cordial waters, glass vases filled with preserves, and a multitude of sponge cake castles, with their platforms frosted and heaped with bonbons, and the reader will have an idea of the profuse good cheer displayed by the Russian lords on such occasions.

On leaving the breakfast table we proceeded to the

place where the sports were held ; but there I saw nothing of that hearty merriment that elsewhere accompanies a popular holiday. The women, in their best attire, clung to the swings, I will not say gracefully, but very boldly, and in a manner to shame the men, who found less pleasure in looking at them than in gorging themselves with brandy in their smoky *kabaks*. Others danced, to the sound of the organ, with cavaliers whose zigzag movements told of plenteous libations. . . . We noticed on this occasion an essential characteristic of the Russian people. In this scene of universal drunkenness there was no quarrelling ; not a blow was struck. Nothing can rouse the Russians from their apathy ; nothing can quicken the dull current of their blood ;—they are slaves even in drink.

Such are the Easter festivities. As the reader will perceive, they consist, on the whole, in eating and drinking inordinately. The whole week is spent in this way ; and during all that time the authority of the master is almost in abeyance : the coachman deserts the stables, the cook the kitchen, the housekeeper her store-room ;—all are drunk, all are merry-making, all are intent on enjoying a season of liberty, so long anticipated with impatience.—*Travels in the Steppes of the Caspian Sea*.

HABITS OF THE DYAK TRIBES.

Tungong stands on the left hand (going up) close to the margin of the stream, and is enclosed by a

slight stockade. Within this defence there is *one* enormous house for the whole population, and three or four small huts. The exterior of the defence between it and the river is occupied by sheds for prahus, and at each extremity are one or two houses belonging to Malay residents. The common habitation, as rude as it is enormous, measures five hundred and ninety-four feet in length, and the front room, or street, is the entire length of the building, and twenty-one feet broad. The back part is divided by mat-partitions into the private apartments of the various families, and of these there are forty-five separate doors leading from the public apartment. The widowers and young unmarried men occupy the public room, as only those with wives are entitled to the advantage of separate rooms.

This edifice is raised twelve feet from the ground, and the means of ascent is by the trunk of a tree with notches cut in it—a most difficult, steep, and awkward ladder. In front is a terrace fifty feet broad, running partially along the front of the building, formed, like the floors, of split bamboo. This platform, as well as the front room, besides the regular inhabitants, is the resort of pigs, dogs, birds, monkeys, and fowls, and presents a glorious scene of confusion and bustle. Here the ordinary occupations of domestic labour are carried on—badi ground, mats made, &c.

There were two hundred men, women, and children counted in the room, and in front, whilst we were there in the middle of the day; and, allowing for

those abroad, and those in their own rooms, the whole community cannot be reckoned at less than four hundred souls. Overhead, about seven feet high, is a second crazy storey, on which are stowed their stores of food and their implements of labour and war. Along the large room are hung many cots, four feet long, formed of the hollow trunks of trees cut in half, which answer the purpose of seats by day and beds by night.

The Sibnowan Dyaks are a wild-looking, but apparently quiet and inoffensive race. The apartment of their chief, by name Sejugah, is situated nearly in the centre of the building, and is larger than any other. In front of it, nice mats were spread on the occasion of our visit; whilst over our heads dangled about thirty ghastly skulls, according to the custom of these people. The chief was a man of middle age, with a mild and pleasing countenance and gentle manners. He had around him several sons and relations, and one or two of the leading men of his tribe; but the rest seemed by no means to be restrained by his presence, or to shew him any particular marks of respect—certainly not the slightest of the servile obsequiousness observed by the Malays before their prince. Their dress consists of a single strip of cloth round the loins, with the ends hanging down before and behind; and a light turban, composed of the bark of trees, round the head, so arranged that the front is stuck up somewhat resembling a short plume of feathers. Their figures are almost universally well-

made, and shewing great activity without great muscular development; but their stature is diminutive.

Like the rest of the Dyaks, the Sibnowans adorn their houses with the heads of their enemies. But with them this custom exists in a modified form; and I am led to hope, that the statements already made public of their reckless search after human beings, merely for the purpose of obtaining their heads, will be found to be exaggerated, if not untrue; and that the custom elsewhere, as here and at Lundu, will be found to be more accordant with our knowledge of other wild tribes, and to be regarded merely as a triumphant token of valour in the fight or ambush,—similar, indeed, to the scalps of the North American Indian. Some thirty skulls were hanging from the roof of the apartment, and I was informed that they had many more in their possession;—all, however, the heads of enemies, chiefly of the tribe of Sarebus.

On inquiry, I was told, that it is indispensably necessary that a young man should procure a skull before he gets married. On my urging them that the custom would be more honoured in the breach than in the observance, they replied, that it was established from time immemorial, and could not be dispensed with. Subsequently, however, Sejugah allowed that heads were very difficult to obtain now, and a young man might sometimes get married by giving presents to his lady-love's parents. At all times they denied warmly ever having obtained any heads but those of their enemies; adding, they were bad people, and deserved to die.

I asked a young unmarried man whether he would be obliged to get a head before he could obtain a wife. He replied, "Yes." "When would he get one?"—"Soon." "Where would he go to get one?"—"To the Sarebus river."

The men of this tribe marry but one wife, and that not until they have attained the age of seventeen or eighteen. Their wedding ceremony is curious; and, as related, is performed by the bride and bridegroom being brought in procession along the large room, where a brace of fowls is placed over the bridegroom's neck, which he whirls seven times round his head. The fowls are then killed, and their blood sprinkled on the forehead of the pair; which done, they are cooked, and eaten by the new-married couple alone, whilst the rest feast and drink during the whole night.

Their dead are put in a coffin, and buried; but Sejugah informed me that the different tribes vary in this particular; and it would appear they differ from their near neighbours, the Dyaks of Lundu. Like these neighbours, likewise, the Sibnowans seem to have little or no idea of a God. They offer prayers to Biedum, the great Dyak chief of former days. Priests and ceremonies they have none; the thickest mist of darkness is over them; but how much easier is it to dispel darkness with light, than to overcome the false blaze with the rays of truth!

The manners of the men of this tribe are somewhat reserved, but frank; whilst the women appeared more

cheerful, and more inclined to laugh and joke at our peculiarities. Although the first Europeans they had ever seen, we were by no means annoyed by their curiosity. And their honesty is to be praised; for, though opportunities were not wanting, they never, on any occasion, attempted to pilfer anything. Their colour resembles the Malay, and is fully as dark; and the cast of their countenance does not favour the notion that they are sprung from a distinct origin. They never intermarry with the Malays, so as to intermingle the two people; and the chastity of their women gives no presumption of its otherwise occurring. Their stature, as I have before remarked, is diminutive, their eyes are small and quick, their noses usually flattened, and their figures clean and well formed, but not athletic. Both sexes generally wear the hair long and turned up, but the elder men often cut it short. As is natural, they are fond of the water, and constantly bathe; and their canoes are numerous. I counted fifty, besides ten or twelve small prahus, which they often build for sale to the Malays at a very moderate price indeed.

The men wear a number of fine cane rings, neatly worked, (which we at first mistook for hair,) below the knee, or on the arm, and sometimes a brass ring or two; but they have no other ornaments. The ears of a few were pierced, but I saw nothing worn in them, except a roll of thin palm-leaf, to prevent the hole closing. The women are decidedly good-looking, and far fairer than the men; their figures are well-

shaped, and remarkable for their *embonpoint*. The expression of their countenance is very good-humoured, and their condition seems a happy one. Their dress consists of a coarse stuff, very scanty, (manufactured by the Sakarran Dyaks,) reaching from the waist to the knee ; around the waist they have rings of rattan, either black or red ; and the loins are hung round with a number of brass ornaments made by their husbands. Above the waist they are entirely naked ; nor do they wear any covering or ornament on the head. They have a few bracelets of brass, but neither ear-rings nor nose-rings ; and some, more lucky than the rest, wear a necklace of beads. They prefer the smallest Venetian beads to the larger and more gaudy ones of England. The labour of the house, and all the drudgery, fall upon the females. They grind the rice, carry burdens, fetch water, fish, and work in the fields ; but, though on a par with other savages in this respect, they have many advantages. They are not immured, and eat in company with the males ; and, in most points, hold the same position towards their husbands and children as the European women. The children are entirely naked ; and the only peculiarity I observed, is filing their teeth to a sharp point like those of a shark.—*Keppel's Expedition to Borneo.*

NURSING IN RUSSIA.

The traveller seldom sees infants in a Russian village. In no part of the country did we ever meet

a woman with a child in her arms ; but there may be seen near all the houses a small hand-carriage, in which the youngest of the family is dragged about. It is not unusual to meet a woman returning from the distant field pulling one of these behind her, with a brat perched in it, swaddled up like a mummied cat.
—*Bremner's Russia.*

THE AMERICAN MAIDEN.

The whole course of her education is one habitual lesson of self-reliance—the world is not kept a sealed book to her until she is tolerably advanced in years, then to be suddenly thrown open to her in all its diversity of aspects. From the earliest age she begins to understand her position, and to test her own strength—she soon knows how to appreciate the world, both as to its proprieties and its dangers—she knows how far she can go in any direction with safety, and how far she can let others proceed—she soon acquires a strength of character to which the young woman of Europe is a stranger, and acts for herself whilst the latter is yet in leading-strings. All this would tend, were her entrance into society a little longer delayed, or were the sway which she acquires over it somewhat postponed, to impart a much more sedate and serious character to American social intercourse than it possesses.

The latitude of action here referred to necessarily involves a free and habitual intercourse between the

sexes. This is permitted from the very earliest ages, and never ceases until the young girl has left her father's house for that of her husband. The freedom thus extended is one which is seldom abused in America, and is more an essential feature than an accidental circumstance in a young woman's education. The young man invites her to walk or ride with him, and her compliance with the invitation is a matter solely dependent upon her own humour ; he escorts her to the concert, or home from the party, the rest of the family finding their way thither, or returning home as they may ;—indeed, I have known the young ladies of the same family escorted by their male acquaintances in different vehicles to the same party, where they would make their appearances perhaps at different times. Nor is this confined to cases in which the young men are recognized admirers of the young ladies, a friendly intimacy being all that is required to justify invitation on the one side, and compliance on the other.

A young woman here would regard such conduct as a disregard of the proprieties of her sex ; if it were looked upon as such in America, it would not be followed. The difference arises from the different views taken in the two hemispheres by young women of their actual position. In America it neither impairs the virtue, nor compromises the dignity of the sex. It may be somewhat inimical to that warmth of imagination, and delicacy of character, which, in Europe, is so much admired in the young woman ; but

it is productive of impurity neither in thought nor conduct. That such is the case, no stronger proof can be given than the almost Quixotic devotion which the Americans pay to the sex. The attention which they receive at home and abroad, in the drawing-room, in the railway-carriage, or on board the steamer, instead of resulting from familiarity, is dictated by the highest respect; for whilst the young woman in America is learning the realities of her own position, she acquires a knowledge of that of her companions, and knows how to keep them in it.—*Mackay's Western World.*

MONTENEGRO WOMEN.

Though able, the men are seldom inclined to carry anything, or take any trouble they can transfer to the women, who are the beasts of burden in Montenegro; and I have seen women toiling up the steepest hills, under loads which men seldom carry in other countries. They are, therefore, very muscular and strong; and the beauty they frequently possess is soon lost by the hard and coarse complexions they acquire,—their youth being generally exhausted by laborious and unfeminine occupations. The sheaves of Indian corn, the bundles of wood, and everything required for the house, or the granary, are carried by women; and the men are supposed to be too much interested about the nobler pursuits

of war or *pillage* to have time to attend to meaner labours. As soon as the tillage of the lands is performed, they think that they have done all the duties incumbent upon men ; the inferior drudgery is the province of the women ; and the Montenegrin toils only when his inclination demands the effort. The men, therefore, (as is often the case in that state of society,) whenever active and exciting pursuits are wanting, instead of returning to participate in, or lighten the toils necessity had imposed on the women, are contented to smoke the pipe of idleness, or indulge in desultory talk, imagining that they maintain the dignity of their sex by reducing women to the condition of slaves. The Montenegrin woman not only kisses the hand of her husband, as in the East, but also of strangers ; and a traveller, as he passes through the country, is surprised to receive this strange token of welcome at the house where he lodges, and even on the road. It must, however, be remembered, that he is thus honoured as the guest, whose visit is sanctioned by the Vladika, and his hospitable reception depends on his being accompanied by some attendant from the capital.—*Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson's Dalmatia and Montenegro.*

A JEWISH WEDDING.

With pleasure I acquiesced in the proposal of an American lady, to accompany her on a wedding

visit to the family of a fair "Jessica," the daughter of a Bagdad merchant in the fort. Leaving our residence for this purpose together, we threaded the crowded and narrow ways of a portion of the populous bazaars, until then unknown to me; and, as the palkees neared each other, and I caught occasional glimpses of my veiled companion, her gorgeous tiara and flashing jewels, the strange locality, and the novelty of the expedition, brought the inimitable tales of the *Arabian Nights* strongly to remembrance; and I almost imagined myself attending the splendid wife of Haroun al Raschid, through her ancient city of Tabriz. Arrived at our destination, we were introduced into a large upper apartment, where several turbaned infants lay sleeping on Arab mats, attended by Jewish women, having small chowries to protect their repose.

After a short detention, a distant door opened, and the bride, with her mother and sisters, gave us a most courteous welcome. As the appearance and attire of the younger women nearly resembled each other, I shall content myself with attempting to describe the person of the lady for whom our visit was particularly intended.

The bride was certainly not more than fourteen years of age; yet, notwithstanding her extreme youth, there was no lack of feminine expression in her fair and placid countenance. Her eyes were hazel, and her soft features differed from the common Jewish physiognomy, which, however handsome in youth,

frequently acquires harsh distinctiveness at a maturer age. It is customary for the Jewish women to marry at an early period; and the elder sister of the bride, a girl about sixteen, was, I found, the mother of two of the sleeping infants who had first attracted my attention.

The costume of the fair Jewess brought to my remembrance, yet "with a difference," Mr. Lane's admirable sketch of that adopted by the dancing girls of Cairo. It consisted of a fine white muslin under-dress, plaited in exquisitely small folds from the throat to the waist, and falling to the embroidered yellow slippers, shrouding her pretty feet. A satin tunic of Tyrian purple, sloped away on the bosom, was clasped at the waist by a single stud, the sleeves falling loose and open from the middle of the arm, fringed with a double row of gold buttons. A shawl, of the finest loom of Cashmere, encircled the waist; and costly ornaments, worn after the usual manner, encumbered where they could not adorn. To complete the costume, a small red velvet cap fitted closely to the head, bound round the brows with a scarf of most vivid hues, and a handkerchief, depending from it at the back, passed loosely under the chin,—a very *trying* arrangement, even to the most lovely face. With due exception to this single portion of the attire, all was tasteful and well arranged, flowing and antique. Fashion in the East is not a mutable goddess; consequently, its form was probably the same with that in which the fair Esther, the ad-

vocate of her people's rights, appeared before Hegai, in the regal palace of Shushan.

According to an eminently disfiguring custom among the Jewish ladies, the hair of all is parted in long crisped locks upon the forehead, and stained an orange tawny colour by the use of henna. At the back, its raven and glossy tint remains, where it is plaited in long ends, each suspending a golden coin. Observing the curiosity with which I noticed the several articles of their dress, the young Jewesses proposed that I should proceed to their dressing-room, to amuse myself with an inspection of their wardrobe.—*Sharpe's London Magazine.*

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS IN RUSSIA.

Regularly as the first days of summer return, all the young women who have not got husbands are paraded here by their parents, each in her best dress and best looks. Bachelors, young and old, enter the alleys, with cautious step and anxious eye—glide through the files of beauty ranged thick on each side—see some one whom they like better than others—stand awhile—go away—come back—and take another look; then, if the honoured fair one still pleases, the victim ends by making proposals. To whom? “To the young lady, to be sure,” guesses some impatient youth; but he guesses wrong. Such indelicacy is never heard of in Russia. A man

to make love for himself would be contrary to nature,—that is, to Russian nature, which is quite a different thing from human nature everywhere else. “It is to the parents, then, that he addresses himself?” No such thing! The guesser is still wide of the mark. They manage these things very differently in Russia. A gentleman who intends taking a wife, employs some old hag from a class of women who live by match-making. He tells her what funds he has, what he is employed in, what he expects from his friends; and naming the fair one whom his eyes have chosen, begs that she will explain all these matters, not to *her*, but to her family. This go-between, this most unclassical proxenete, whose wages are as regularly fixed as the per centages of a broker, enters on her mission in due form. Explanations are given on both sides—friends are consulted—negotiations of the most formal nature are carried on. Diplomacy is nothing to it. From unforeseen objections about prospects or dowry, the explanations of the high contracting parties often become as tedious as Belgian protocols. Months, in fact, may be spent on these preliminaries; but all this time the poor damsel has had no voice in the matter. She has not seen her intended; they have never met so long as to whisper a stolen vow to each other. There will be time enough for the unimportant process of becoming acquainted, when their fate has been irrevocably fixed. What have such silly considerations as like or dislike to do with marriage?

In choosing a wife, it is a beast of burden, a domestic drudge, that the Russian wants, not a rational companion—an equal. Were he to consult his affections in selecting his spouse, could he have the pleasure of beating her whenever he feels inclined?

Married women in the middle ranks appear to lead a most listless existence. Without education, and, by the jealous usages of the country, almost prohibited from taking exercise, their chief occupation seems to consist in leaning over the window all day long, with their elbows resting on cushions, and sometimes a poodle dog on each side.—*Brenner's Excursions in the Interior of Russia.*

RIVER LIFE.

A large part of the boats at Canton are *tankia* boats, about twenty-five feet long, containing only one room, and covered with moveable mats, so contrived as to cover the whole vessel. They are usually rowed by women, who thus earn a livelihood, while their husbands “go out to day’s-work.” In these cockboats whole families are reared, live, and die. The room which serves for passengers by day is a bedroom by night; a kitchen at one time, a washing-room at another, and a nursery always. The inside partitions are moveable; and when “house-cleaning” is to be done, the boat is floated ashore, emptied to skin, turned bottom up and breamed, the boards and furniture

scrubbed, and the whole put to rights and floated off; the entire performance occupying two or three hours.—*The Middle Kingdom.*

A JAPANESE DEATH.

But the round of amusement, as well as that of business, has at length an end, and the Japanese dies. But even death is here a form peculiar to the country. Sometimes it is enacted in a temple, the individual ripping himself up publicly as the closing scene of a grand entertainment; sometimes he goes through the ceremony in his own family circle; and occasionally he huddles through it in private, as an escape from criminal conviction and dishonour. But although a tragical enough matter for the principal actor, it is often *mayboeu* as regards others, for the death is concealed until his creditors are satisfied with the salary of the defunct, or the reversion of his place has been secured for his son. When, at length, it is quite convenient to announce that the man is dead—whether he has died by suicide or in the common course of nature—the furniture of the house is turned upside down, and the clothes of its inhabitants inside out; a priest takes his place by the corpse, and the friends come to see that all is properly ordered,—the family being supposed to be incapacitated by grief from attending to anything whatsoever. One of them remains outside the door

in a dress of ceremony, to receive visits of condolence, since no one but an intimate friend will incur the necessity of entering the house of death. In former times, the house of the deceased was burnt, after his monument had been constructed from its materials; but at present it is considered sufficient to kindle a fire before it, and throw oils, perfumes, and spices into the flames. In like manner, the custom of burying servants with their masters (in the early epochs, alive) has fallen into desuetude, and effigies are substituted, just as the simple habits of the ancient Japanese are represented, by their luxurious descendants, by the introduction of a piece of course salt fish, even at the most sumptuous meals. The body is placed, in a sitting posture, in a coffin resembling a tub, enclosed in an earthen vessel, and the procession is preceded, as in Russia, by torch-bearers; and after the male portion of the family, in white, surrounded by the friends in dresses of ceremony, come the ladies and the female friends in palanquins. A funeral service is performed at the interment, and the corpse sinks into a well-like grave to the sound of a kind of cymbal.—*World in the East.*

JAPANESE USES FOR THE FAN.

In Japan, where neither men nor women wear hats, except as a protection against rain, a fan is to be seen in the hand or the girdle of every inhabitant. Soldiers,

and priests even, are never without them. In that country they serve a great many different purposes. Visitors receive the dainties offered them upon their fans; the beggar, imploring charity, holds out the fan for the alms his prayers may obtain. According to Siebold, the fan here serves the dandy in lieu of a whalebone switch; the pedagogue instead of a ferule for the offending schoolboy's knuckles; and a fan, presented upon a peculiar kind of salver to the high-born criminal, is said to be the form of announcing his death-doom, his head being struck off at the same moment as he stretches it towards the fan.—*Book of Costume, by a Lady of Rank.*

SOCIETY IN ENGLAND.

To pretend to characterize the classes or professions of a nation so late in the day as the middle of the nineteenth century, is a somewhat arduous task. In England, as elsewhere, every die is worn down, every angle rounded, every feature effaced, every salient point smoothed, pumiced, and polished into the most level monotony of surface,—a surface from which neither dramatist nor novelist can extract either plot or character, without violating in the grossest manner the probabilities of civilized life. Singing is now far from the only feat that is accomplished “by the million.” People eat, drink, sleep, talk, move, *think*, in millions. No one dares to be himself. From Dan to Beersheba not an original left! All the books published seem to

have been copied from the same type, with one of Wedgewood's manifold-writers. All the speeches made might be stereotyped in January by an able reporter, to last out till June. In society, men are packed one within the other, like forks or spoons in a plate chest, each of the same exact pattern and amount of pennyweights. Doctor, divine, or devil's dragoman, (*Ang.* lawyer,) all dressed alike—all affecting the same tastes, pursuits, and habits of life. Would Shakspeare have invented Falstaff, or Parolles, in such an order of society? Would Scott have hit upon the Baron of Bradwardine, or Lawyer Pleydell? Would even Fielding or Smollett have extracted the ripe humour of their inventions out of such a sea of batter?

The few authors of fiction who pretend to individualize, are obliged to have recourse to the most unsophisticated class for elements of character; society of a higher grade being so used down into tameness as to form one long, long Baker-street or Guildford-street of mean, graceless, and tedious uniformity—from number one to number one hundred, a hundred times ditto repeated. It is not so in other capitals. Elsewhere, every profession has its stamp, and every grade its distinctions. In Paris, or Berlin, or Vienna, you can no more surmise when you dine out what will be placed on the table, or what conversation will take place around it, than you can pre-assure the morrow's weather. In London, whether the dinner occur at the house of a man of eight hundred a-year, or of eight thousand, you are cognizant, to a dish and a topic, what

will be supplied for the delectation of your ears and palate. You eat the turbot and saddle of mutton by anticipation as you go along, and may chew the cud of the great letters of the ministerial and opposition papers, which anon you will have to swallow, diluted with milk and water by the dull, or vivified by a few drops of alcohol by the brilliant. In the evening entertainments, as at the dinners, "*toujours perdrix!*"—Julien, Gunter, and Lord Flipflap,—Lord Flipflap, Gunter, and Julien! You see the same people waltzing, fiddling, and serving the refreshments, and hear the same phrases exchanged among them, at every *fête* given at the west end of the town between May and August. May and August?—Rather say from A.D. 1835 to A.D. 1854! This tedious uniformity of conventional life, which has converted society into a paper of pins, with people stuck in rows, instead of minikins, is, we are told, the result of a high state of civilization.

The moment the English left off clipping their yew-trees, and laying down their gravel-walks at right angles, they transferred the system to society. "Ye fallen avenues!" (so pathetically sung by Cowper,) you have now your parallels at every dinner party; and not a coterie in Grosvenor-square but presents the stiff unmeaning rectangularity of Hampton Court Gardens. This eternal sameness of manners and opinions is, in fact, so notorious among ourselves, that no one ventures to say, "It is a fine day," till he have ascertained whether such be the opinion of Lord Rig-

marole or Mr. Tompkins, whosoever may be the pope, or fogleman, or modelman of his set.—*Mrs. Gore's Sketches of English Character.*

AMUSEMENTS AT ROME.

During the last fortnight of the month of October, every afternoon, carriages and small omnibuses, full of men and women, are seen; all are generally singing and playing on tambourines. The two sexes are always divided, and the men are more numerous than the women. They consist principally of the inhabitants of the other side of the Tiber, the Trasteverini. The women wear a coloured skirt, small black velvet bodice, open in front, a black felt pointed hat, with coloured ribbons, large nosegays, and handsome gold ornaments on the neck and in the ears; they never wear anything gilt. In this dress the fine bust and beautiful arm are seen to advantage. The left arm, upraised, supports the tambourine, while the right produces the sound, the bright eyes sparkle, and the warm red lips move for the joyous song. From the carriages of the men, the mandolines and flutes are heard; they drive about amidst song, laughter, and music to the Engelsburgh, past St. Peter's, and then to the Osterie, near the *Porte Angelice*. There the country is quite flat, the yellow water of the Tiber flows through green meadows, and there is a wide avenue of trees, just outside the gates, where all the Osterie are situated

The carriages of the Trasteverini women stopped as soon as they reached that spot. The young men sprang forward to assist them in alighting; then the doors of the garden were opened, and the dancing commenced immediately. The men and women sometimes danced together, and sometimes alone. Sometimes two young men, and then two young women, would dance the Saltarello together, to the sound of the tambourine; the dancers moved with the greatest vivacity, which increased every moment, and did not cease until the dancers retired and made room for fresh ones. Those who were not dancing stood round in a circle to watch the different couples, for there were always several in each Osteria; the beauty of both men and women was praised enthusiastically; and the applause excited the dancers to still greater exertion, till the delight became universal. There were also whole families sitting at small tables near by, taking their wine; bread, oranges, and salt olives were offered for sale.

The dancers refreshed themselves under the verandahs, or near the fountains, or stood on the chairs to watch some newly arrived beauty; after a time, the company belonging to the different carriages had seen enough, and they proceeded to other Osterie to begin dancing again. The rhythm of the Saltarello becomes faster the longer it lasts, and the eyes and cheeks of the dancers more glowing. At last, a young girl and a youth stepped forward, and commenced a dance with more wild and passionate fire

than we can possibly imagine to exist in our frigid north. It was as if an electric fluid attracted them to each other with indescribable eagerness, and then as if some unseen power wished to prevent their uniting. The eyes, the arms, sought each other like sweet words of love, or sighs of flaming desire; the glances were rapidly interchanged; the maiden approached timidly, the youth stretched his hand forward to seize her—one more step only—but the tambourine sounded again; the maiden jumped aside; a fresh turn took place, and she was farther than ever from him who sought her. All the spectators laughed, and called out, Bravo! and the wild sport recommenced, till the dancers were fairly exhausted, and retired. There was really something bacchantic in this dance that appeared to me strange and unpleasant, and yet there was nothing exaggerated or improper. There was neither drunkenness nor loud words, which are both usually heard and seen at feasts of Bacchus amidst joyful, ardent, and happy youth.—*Lewald's Italians at Home.*

BATHS OF LEUK.

A large shed, divided into four compartments, each capable of holding about eighteen persons, constitutes the principal bath-house. A slight gallery is built along the partitions, dividing the several baths, for visitors to occupy who wish to enjoy the company of

their friends without the inconvenience of lying in the water. This is absolutely necessary; for, if eight hours are to be passed in the bath, and two in bed, and the person enduring all this is to be left alone in the meantime, the life of an anchorite would be far preferable to it. It is solitary confinement in the penitentiary, with the exception that the cell is a *watery* one. All the bathers, of both sexes, and all ages and conditions, are clothed in long woollen mantles, with a tippet round their shoulders, and sit on benches ranged round the bath, under water up to their necks. Stroll into this large bathing room awhile after dinner, the first thing that meets your eye is some dozen or fifteen heads bobbing up and down, like buoys, on the surface of the steaming water. There, wagging backwards and forwards, is the shaven crown of a fat old friar. Close beside, the glossy ringlets of a fair maiden; while between, perhaps, is the moustached face of an invalid officer. In another direction, grey hairs are "floating on the tide," and the withered faces of old dames peer "over the flood." But to sit and soak a whole day, even in company, is no slight penalty; and so, to while away the lazy hours, one is engaged in reading a newspaper, which he holds over his head; another, in discussing a bit of toast on a floating table; a third, in keeping a withered nosegay, like a water-lily, just above the surface, while it is hard to tell which looks most dolorous—the withered flowers or her face. In one corner, two persons are engaged in playing chess; and in another, three or four

more, with their chins just out of water, are enjoying a pleasant *tête-à-tête* about the delectability of being under water, seething away at a temperature of nearly 120 degrees eight hours per day. Persons making their daily calls on their friends are entering and leaving the gallery, or, leaning over, engaged in earnest conversation with those below them. Not much etiquette is observed in leave-taking; for, if the patient should attempt to make a bow, he would duck his head under water.— *The Alps and the Rhine*, by J. T. Headley.

A QUADROON BALL.

I made a point of going to some of the quadroon balls. I had heard a great deal of the splendid figures and graceful dancing of the New Orleans quadroons, and I certainly was not disappointed. Their movements are the most easy and graceful that I have ever seen. They danced one figure somewhat resembling the Spanish fandango, without castanets; and I never saw more perfect dancing on any stage.

These balls take place in a large saloon. At the entrance, where you pay half-a-dollar, you are requested to leave your *implements*, by which is meant your bowie-knives and revolvers; and you leave them as you would your overcoat on going into the opera, and get a ticket with their number, and on your way out they are returned to you. You hear the pistol and bowie-knife keeper in the arms-room call out:

"No. 45—a six-barrelled repeater." "No. 100—one eight-barrelled revolver, and bowie-knife with a death's head and cross-bones cut on the handle." "No. 95—a brace of double barrels." All this is done as naturally as possible, and you see fellows fasten on their knives and pistols as coolly as if they were tying on a comforter or putting on a coat.

As I was going up stairs, after getting my ticket, and replying to the quiet request, "whether I would leave my arms," that I had none to leave, I was stopped and searched from head to foot by a policeman, who, I suppose, fancied it impossible that I should be altogether without arms.

Notwithstanding all this care, murders and duels are of weekly occurrence at these balls; and during my stay at New Orleans there were three. There are more murders here than in any other city in the Union. In the first place, everybody drinks hard, and every man is armed; and a man who does not avenge an insult on the spot is despised. It is a word and a blow, and not unfrequently the blow without the word. The southern men are naturally hot-blooded, and duelling is part of their creed; and the northern men, who come down south, what with drink, gambling, and the excitement of speculation, are not apt to be very backward in taking up a quarrel.

A "difficulty," as it is called, took place in the bar-room of the hotel where I was staying, between two young men, and one of them was killed. There

were about a hundred men present; but not one of them interfered to stop it. Nobody arrested the homicide; and, after quietly wiping his knife, he walked away. I asked one old gentleman, who was present, whether he would not be arrested and tried. He said, they would have him up before the magistrates on the morrow; but that his opponent had called him a liar, which was quite a sufficient provocation for stabbing him. He said there was a glorious expression of public feeling in New Orleans 'in favour of justifiable homicide; and that no jury could find a man guilty who, as in this case, had had any provocation.

Some idea of the gambling spirit of speculation in this city may be gathered from the fact, that the *Atlantic* steamer, after being thirty days over her time, was insured here at fifty per cent! A real go-a-head Yankee will ensure all creation for half nothing! During my fortnight's residence at New Orleans, the *Autocrat* steamer was run down, and forty passengers drowned; the *John Adams* burst, and burned a hundred and forty; and another steamer, laden with cotton, took fire, and burned sixty passengers;—all which casualties did not so much as elicit a larger type, or any "additional particulars," from the editors.—*Sullivan's Rambles and Scrambles in North and South America.*

PICTURES OF INDIAN LIFE.

As it grew late, and the crowded population began to disappear, I too walked across the village

to the lodge of my host, Kongra-Tonga. As I entered, I saw him, by the flickering blaze of the fire in the centre, reclining half-asleep in his usual place. His couch was by no means an uncomfortable one. It consisted of soft buffalo-robcs, laid together on the ground, and a pillow made of whitened deer-skin, stuffed with feathers, and ornamented with beads. At his back was a light framework of poles and slender reeds, against which he could lean with ease when in a sitting posture; and at the top of it, just above his head, his bow and quiver were hanging. My saddle was in its place at the head of the lodge, and a buffalo-robe was spread on the ground before it. Wrapping myself in my blanket, I lay down; but had I not been extremely fatigued, the noise in the next lodge would have prevented my sleeping. There was the monotonous thumping of the Indian drum, mixed with occasional sharp yells, and a chorus chanted by twenty voices. A grand scene of gambling was going forward with all the appropriate formalities. The players were staking on the chance issue of the game their ornaments, their horses, and, as the excitement rose, their garments, and even their weapons; for desperate gambling is not confined to the hells of Paris. The men of the plains and the forests no less resort to it as a violent, but grateful relief to the tedious monotony of their lives, which alternate between fierce excitement and listless inaction. I fell asleep with the dull notes of the drum still sounding on my ear; but these



furious orgies lasted without intermission till daylight.

My host himself was the author of another most formidable annoyance. All these Indians, and he among the rest, think themselves bound to the constant performance of certain acts as the condition on which their success in life depends, whether in war, love, hunting, or any other employment. These "medicines," as they are called in that country, which are usually communicated in dreams, are often absurd enough. Some Indians will strike the butt of the pipe against the ground every time they smoke; others will insist that everything they say shall be interpreted by contraries; and Shaw once met an old man who conceived that all would be lost unless he compelled every white man he met to drink a bowl of cold water. My host was particularly fortunate in his allotment. The Great Spirit had told him, in a dream, that he must sing a certain song in the middle of every night; and regularly at about twelve o'clock his dismal monotonous chanting would awaken me, and I would see him seated bolt upright on his couch going through his dolorous performance with a most business-like air. There were other voices of the night still more inharmonious. Twice or thrice, between sunset and dawn, all the dogs in the village, and there were hundreds of them, would bay and yelp in chorus;—a most horrible clamour, resembling no sound that I have ever heard, except, perhaps, the frightful howling of wolves that we used sometimes to hear, long afterward, when descend-

ing the Arkansas on the trail of General Kearney's army. The canine uproar is, if possible, more discordant than that of the wolves. Heard at a distance slowly rising on the night, it has a strange unearthly effect, and would fearfully haunt the dreams of a nervous man; but when you are sleeping in the midst of it, the din is outrageous. One long loud howl from the next lodge perhaps begins it; and voice after voice takes up the sound, till it passes around the whole circumference of the village, and the air is filled with confused and discordant cries, at once fierce and mournful. It lasts but for a moment, and then dies away into silence.—*Parkman's California and Oregon Trails.*

A BREAKFAST IN NEW YORK.

Though every one must admire the early hours and temperance of the Americans, yet only imagine a Londoner, and an old hand, not used to anything much worse than the shady side of Pall-mall, assembling at six o'clock, at the noise of a great bell—washed and shaved, mind, by six o'clock—to look at an immense rump-steak at the head of the table, swimming in fat, not half-cooked; then, lower down, a dish of enormous salt mackerel, one of which would make two of our English mackerel; then some Halifax salmon, just as taken from the barrel, and as salt as brine; then two or three smaller dishes, some with mush,—a food for pigs,—and others with hommaney, only differing

from mush in that this last is *white* maize ground and boiled in water, whilst *mush* is *yellow* corn ground and boiled. As this sort of food is not known in England, thank God, except in the penitentiaries, I have been rather particular in describing it. No caution is required to my countrymen to avoid it, because the very sight of it will be enough to make him sick. The remainder of the table was filled up with some warmed-up tough old hen, called chicken fixings,—all washed down with the most execrable coffee in the whole world. I used to think that England might defy all creation for bad coffee, but the Americans beat us hollow. It is all that abominable trash from Rio, costing there about twopence-halfpenny per pound by the cargo; and as the Americans really seem to be no judges, even of things they are constantly putting into their mouths, or else so careless that they care nothing about it, whether it be good or bad, all is Brazilian coffee, bought by the boarding-house keeper ready ground, and, of course, as the Americans adulterate everything, ready mixed.—*Rambles in the United States.*

PERSIAN FEASTING.

After tea, the Beg left us to ourselves for about an hour; when he returned, accompanied by his two brothers, Nooroolah Beg and Shookroollah Beg, a brother of Mehmet Khan, chief of the Shah-sevens,

and some other friends, and dinner immediately followed. A tray containing a chillo and pillo, radishes, fried eggs, a stew of meat, and a bowl of sherbet, was allotted to each two persons; and, at the word "Bismillah," (in the name of God,) the company fell to in silence, unbroken during the whole time save by the sound of the various jaws in process of mastication. Hands were thrust deep into the greasy dishes, rice squeezed into balls, and swallowed with astonishing rapidity; and in less than a-quarter of an hour little remained of the immense piles which had been set before them. Water was then brought in, and each guest slightly wetted his fingers, afterwards wiping them on his pocket-handkerchief or his coat, as the case might be; which ceremony had scarcely been performed, when our Shah-seven friend and one or two others, loosening their belts, immediately lapsed into a state of torpidity. My companion and myself had made a plenteous meal, but our dishes appeared comparatively untouched. The Persians are very large eaters, particularly those of the lower classes. Five of our servants, who dined together, devoured every day about twenty pounds of bread, besides a good allowance of meat and fruit; and one evening, three of the grooms ate among them ten pounds of rice, and were grumbling because they could not get any more. The Persians say that the English do not eat—they only play with their food.

About twelve o'clock, the usual Persian time, we were summoned to breakfast, and all returned to the

house exceedingly sharp-set. The meal was a repetition of dinner, and the same feeding-scene took place as on the previous evening. I have often heard it remarked with respect to the Eastern custom of eating with the fingers, that it was a mistake to regard it as unpleasant; and that the hands, which were thoroughly washed, were cleaner implements than our knives and forks. In Persia, I can only say that I found the washing a very inefficient ceremony: no soap is used, a little tepid water being merely poured over the hands before and after dinner; and they are oftentimes wiped with a pocket-handkerchief which has not been washed for perhaps six months. The voracious manner in which they swallow their food is disgusting. In general, Persians admire the European custom of using the knife and fork, and confess that it is more decent in appearance, and cleaner in reality, than their own; but Ferrajollah Beg, while admitting this, observed, that after all he preferred eating with the hand, as it imparted a flavour to the food; judging from the colour and appearance of his own hand, I should think the observation correct.—*Holmes' Sketches on the Shores of the Caspian.*

CHRISTMAS IN DENMARK.

Christmas-tide is looked forward to in Denmark as the great national holiday of the year. There is no extraordinary display heralding it in the shops, nor

any outward indication whatever of its approach ; but from Christmas eve to new year's day, both inclusive, is one period of general recreation and goodwill among all classes. There are no very peculiar customs observed in Copenhagen on new year's eve : at any rate, none requiring particular mention.

On Christmas day I was one of a happy party met to keep the anniversary in true Danish fashion. It was a delightful family re-union,—the guests, with few exceptions, being more or less akin. The hour at which all tradesmen dine in Copenhagen is one o'clock ; but professional people and the upper classes dine at three, which was the usual dinner hour of my friends in question, although on this occasion we did not sit down to the hospitable board until between four and five. At the upper end were seated the venerable grandparents ; and, as I watched their gentle smile, and the mildly-beaming lustre of their glance, I thought I could read a volume of placid happiness—an eloquent, though silent expression of their gratitude to the Supreme Giver for thus permitting them once more to enjoy the day of days in the midst of their friends, their children, and their children's children. Towards the centre of the table sat our host, and nearly opposite him presided his accomplished lady—*der Wandernde Vogel* being honoured with the seat at her right hand. There were many charming, bright blue-eyed Danish lasses, and some of the loveliest children I ever beheld. Indeed, our hostess's eldest child, a little girl three years of age,

was the most beautiful and engaging creature conceivable. Her liveliness presented a strong contrast to the bearing which I have elsewhere ascribed to the generality of Danish children. I forthwith christened her Fairy Queen.

There was nothing deserving especial notice in the dinner itself, which mightily resembled an English one, down to the huge boiled plumpudding, which, "let me whisper i' your lug," was capitally concocted by an elderly English lady. A touching national trait came under my observation at the conclusion of the dinner. The two little children of the host ran to him and said: "*Thank you for my dinner!*" This is the constant custom of Danish children every day. A few appropriate toasts were given by our host, and each guest—ladies as well as gentlemen—bowed to each individual present, in succession, ere they drained their glasses. On the company rising simultaneously from table, another national custom was strictly followed. The guests of both sexes shook hands all round, saying at the same time: "*Vel bekomme Dem!*" which literally means: "*Good may it do you!*" But those guests who were previously unacquainted, merely bowed to each other. This is a custom observed at all dinner parties throughout the year.

We adjourned *en masse* to the drawing-room, and certain whispers and movements intimated to me that something was in preparation likely to give me a pleasant surprise. Nor was I long kept in suspense, for the word came to "follow our leader," and away

the entire fleet of us gaily scudded, pell-mell, towards another room ; and, on sailing in, the secret was revealed at a single glance.

The Danish Christmas tree ! Yes, there it towered in all its glory—with its countless sparkling lights, and its dangling tickets. Beautiful, exceedingly, was the novel effect. A buzz of admiration burst from all lips, and bright eyes grew brighter, and smiling cheeks grew more radiant, and prattlers prattled faster, and little feet danced around with irrepressible joyous excitement.

Let me soberly describe the Christmas tree. It was a beautiful living specimen of a species of ever-green pine, growing in a tub placed in the centre of the room. It was about nine or ten feet in height, and its horizontal branches symmetrically stretched around, shooting out widely at the base, and gradually lessening until the apex was formed by the straight single stem. In the branches were fastened scores of various coloured wax-lights, placed in wine-holders ; and from root to top were suspended pasteboard tickets, each inscribed with a certain number. Interspersed were gilded apples, bunches of grapes and raisins, nuts, figs, &c., to be plucked by the company at pleasure.

The host armed himself with a pair of scissors ; and calling upon us to aid him in finding the successively numbered tickets, as the latter were purposely mingled in pleasing confusion, he commenced operations by clipping off number one. This he delivered to the

guest whose name it bore ; and he, in turn, presented it to the hostess, who was the presiding Good Genius at a large and long table, completely covered with articles of all sizes, mysteriously muffled in paper, so that it was impossible even to guess what their contents might be. These were the *prizes*, each having a number answerable to some particular ticket, to indicate to whose share the corresponding prize was to fall. Having found the article bearing the duplicate number, the office of the Good Genius was smilingly to deliver the parcel to him or her, as the case might be. The fortunate party would then forthwith eagerly tear off the wrappers, and exultingly exhibit the prize to the company. These prizes consisted of every conceivable variety of articles, and, by what I esteemed marked good taste, were, in most cases, not merely ornamental, but useful ; not a few of them were elegant and expensive light articles of dress. Neither host nor hostess knew what all the prizes were, nor what would fall to their own personal share ; for those which they designed for each other were privately deposited among the collection, and ticketed at the last moment.

Number after number was found and called, and prize after prize delivered ; and such a gleeful, busy, rattling, chattering, happy set as we all were, never was seen since the world began to make merry, I will take my affidavit. There was at least one prize for everybody—from grandsire to the wee todlin' bairnie of only eighteen months of age, which, with the usual

precociousness of Copenhagen infants, could run about and talk as well as many English ones thrice as old. Oh! reader dear, it would have gladdened the very soul of the sourest misanthrope to have seen us! The silver-haired grandparents, the black-bearded fellows like myself, the gold-laced officer, the charming, bonnie, sonsie lassie—*all were children!* Oh! the glorious fun, the frolic, the exuberant bursts of laughter, now echoing in the deep bass of manly voices, and anon in the silvery ringing melody of the “sister seraph-band!” Sometimes a prize would turn up designedly of a description to create a peal of cordial merriment at the expense of its owner—in which he himself could not but irresistibly join.

The Christmas tree is a genuine old Danish affair, looked forward to by the young with inconceivable expectation. The gifts it distributes vary in value, of course, with the rank and wealth of the host; and sometimes they are of so costly a nature that the aggregate value of the prizes amounts to a very large sum. I ought to observe, that, on the occasion in question, an improvement on the ordinary custom of distributing the prizes was effected; but in all other respects, the orthodox usage was rigidly observed. Indeed, my kind friend afterwards told me, that he had got up his Christmas tree with extraordinary precision, expressly to give me an opportunity of beholding a perfect specimen. His end and aim were fully answered; and I shall look back to the occasion as one of the most delightful of my reminiscences.

The remainder of the evening was spent by the younger portion of the company in playing curious Danish games, of which there are an immense variety. One was, I believe, a very antique kind of "mystery," founded on the Scripture parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins—candles being borne by the young ladies to represent lamps.

The whole of the guests departed together; and as we grouped at the last moment, all united to sing a Danish Christmas song; and as the sweet voices of the virgin singers blended in the touching chorus of "*Juul, Juul*," it sounded to me like a strain of delicious melody—like an echo of a hymn caught from heaven in my childhood's hours, and now once more floating back on my soul, to remind me of the holy time when I was pure and undefiled in the sight of my Creator.—*Hurton's Winter Pictures from the North of Europe.*

A MALAY FESTIVAL.

It was evening, and I was conducted into a large room, with a small space railed off for spectators. Candles were stuck in silver sconces, fastened to the walls in profusion, amid garlands of flowers innumerable. Round the room were several old Malays, squatting on mats, and dressed in gala costume. In the centre of the room a quantity of perfume was burning. Three or four younger Malays kept marching round the room, and they and an old gentleman

kept up a sort of grunting, whining chorus, which at first I took to be indications of severe pain in the abdominal regions, but was afterwards informed that they were chanting sentences from the Kur-ân. Suddenly the young gentlemen began to throw themselves about in the most gladiatorial attitudes, singing faster than ever. Thereupon the old gentleman shouted much louder, as though the internal agonies had vastly increased. Then the young men stripped off their shirts; and I thought they were going to have a regular "set-to." My friend Jones irreverently cried, "Go it!" and offered to back the little one with the flat nose against the lot. But they were not going to box at all; they only danced, and jumped, and shouted, till they left little pools of sudorific exhalations on the floor. Then a boy came shouting awfully. Jones cried, "Turn him out!" and at the same time two of the young men seized the boy, and plunged a sharp instrument, like a meat-skewer, through his tongue,—at least so it appeared; and they led him round to the admiring spectators with the skewer projecting through his tongue. Jones pronounced it "too bad," and hinted that he should like to "punch the head" of the fellow that did it; but the boy looked quite happy and contented with his tongue on a skewer, so that no doubt there was some deception, which, however, defied our detection.

As soon as this interesting youth had departed, one of the young men took a dagger and plunged it into the fleshy part of his side, just above the hip, and

then walked round and showed himself. There were a few drops of blood, apparently flowing from the wound, in which the dagger was left sticking. Jones informed him, gravely, that he would have a terrible "pain in his side," and offered to prescribe for him from a valuable recipe of his grandmamma's. Another man thrust a skewer through his cheek, and came and showed himself also. Then some red-hot chains were brought in, and thrown over an iron beam, when another of the Malays seized them with his bare hands, and kept drawing them fast over the beams. All the while that these exhibitions were taking place, the Malays kept up their hideous shrieking of the Kur-ân sentences, all of them shouting together, and louder and louder the more horrible the experiment was being tried. The noise, the sight, the weapons, the red-hot chains, together, formed a scene bordering on the diabolical; except that there was such evident jugglery in the whole affair, and the plate was so constantly handed round for money, while the comments of my Cockney friend were so absurd, that the ludicrous predominated greatly over the horrible.—*The Cape and the Kaffirs, by Alfred W. Cole.*

SCENE ON THE RIO SAN FRANCISCO.

The North Americans, particularly those of the back settlements, are celebrated for their inquisitiveness; but this seems to be a very general failing with

all those who are shut out from frequent intercourse with strangers. A curious instance of this feeling occurred a few days after I returned to Penêdo. I had brought letters from Maccio to a gentleman who lived here with a married brother ;—they were among the most respectable people in the place. Although not yet eleven o'clock, I found the lady, a remarkably fine and good-looking woman, with her husband, busily engaged at cards,—she lying in a hammock, while he was seated on a chair beside her. She had recently been smoking,—an almost universal accomplishment among the ladies in the interior,—as a long pipe was lying near her, and the floor beneath bore strong indications of excessive expectoration. I was desired to be seated, and was immediately inundated with a flood of questions from the good lady, who possessed a great volubility of tongue. Among a host of others, I may enumerate the following :—What countryman are you? What is your name? How old are you? Are you a medical man? Are you married? Are your father and mother alive? Have you any sisters? What are their names? Have all your countrymen blue eyes? Have you churches and priests in your country? Do oranges and bananas grow there? &c. If, however, she was inquisitive about my concerns, she was not much less disposed to tell me all that related to herself. Thus she informed me that she was married when she was nineteen years of age, that she was now five years married, and in that time had presented her husband with

yearly gifts—all of whom were alive, with the exception of one. Her husband, she said, was thirty-six years of age; and she desired me to feel his pulse, as he was always complaining of bad health. I soon discovered his complaint to be indigestion—one of the most frequent ills that Brazilians are subject to; arising, no doubt, from the enormous quantities which they eat, and that generally not of the most digestive materials, as well as from the late heavy suppers which they indulge in. I had then to feel her pulse in turn, and she seemed quite pleased when I told her it was an excellent one. I afterwards became very intimate with them, and spent many agreeable hours in their society.—*Gardner's Travels in the Interior of Brazil.*

DOMESTIC LIFE IN GERMANY.

There is nothing which tends so much to confound ranks, and puzzle you as to the real standing of people, as the practice in this country of several families living in one house. Nobles may, and often do let one or two storeys of their house. You may have a graf (a count) for your landlord, or a shoemaker. This, while it is considered no degradation to the man of real property and rank, affords a serious opportunity to others—whose trade and dependence consists in letting lodgings—to impose on the English, and creates in them, while fresh to the country, the strangest uncertainty; at the same time that it leads them to the oddest conclusions as to the manners of the better classes of

German society. While the graf or the professor lets part of his house, the genuine lodging-house keeper pretends to be a graf, or something approaching one. Our landlady, on our arrival at Heidelberg, pretended to possess a Baden patent of nobility, and to be somebody. She was, in fact, a very silly and mischievous woman ; and while, on the one hand, she would affect to be frightened at the sight of a man in his morning gown and slippers, would, on the other, sit, of an afternoon, eating goose-grease with a bread-crust instead of a spoon, as a luxury ! With such strange mixtures of ranks and personages, it requires, at first, in the foreigner, the nicest discernment to decide who are and who are not real gentry, and to avoid the oddest errors in judging of established manners.

Shaking hands is a custom considered entirely English, especially with ladies. The Germans rush into each other's arms ; and with such impetuosity, on some occasions, that we are acquainted with a youth who is lamed for life, through the very curious circumstance of having entangled his legs with those of a young and dear friend whom he unexpectedly met, after a long absence, and was thus thrown down, and one of his legs injured. But they do not shake hands ; and we advise all English gentlemen, on first going to Germany, to be careful not to shock the feelings of the ladies, and especially the young, with offering their hands. The great German salutation is that of lifting the hat to one another, and to the ladies ; and to such an extent is this carried, that a

humorous, as well as argumentative pamphlet has been published, by a very clever man, in Erfurt, who has been a good deal in England, recommending, in preference, on many accounts, the English mode of salutation. He calculates that not less than six millions of dollars are yearly spent in the extra wear and tear of hats and caps in Germany.

Before the French invasion, what an old-fashioned state must Germany have been in! The Germans are naturally a most contented people. Contented with their mode of living, the daily round of their pursuits, with the state of things as they find them. There is no people of the same numbers, or possessing a territory of the same extent in Europe, who have shewn themselves so little disturbed by a thirst of foreign conquest and aggrandizement. If their neighbours would but let them alone, they would never meddle with their neighbours.

In fact, before that period the Germans seemed to have lived pretty much as the Dannites did of old,—“every man doing what seemed good in his own eyes.” Little could have been the alteration in anything for many generations. They must have lived on and on,—the bauers cultivating, the professors teaching and dreaming, the gentry hunting in the woods, and the ladies cooking and knitting, just as their ancestors had done for ages. By what we see now, they must have been in a very homely condition indeed. The manual arts must have been very humble; their houses must have been very old-fashioned, ill-furnished, and

none of the cleanest. Their clothes, what an antique cut they must have had ! Their locks, door-handles, keys, all sorts of household utensils, their furniture, their carriages, their everything, how rude and homely they must have been ! What a length their hair must have grown then ; what a length their coats must have been then ; what a length their pipes ; what a length their dreams !

Washing could not have been much in fashion—for, even now, they are amazed at the English ; and in the inns they more commonly give you a wine-bottle and an oval pie-dish, instead of a good capacious ewer and basin, than anything else. Such a thing as a piece of soap, or a slop-jar, you never see in the bedroom ; and if you ask for water and a napkin, to wash your hands before dinner, at an inn where you are not staying the night, they stare at you, and make a charge in the bill for it. As Diogenes said, on walking through the city, so would the old Germans have said, had they gone through a city in another country : “ What heaps of things are here that I have no need of ! ” Roads even they had none—they did not want them—they wanted only to stop at home, eat their sour kraut and sausages, smoke their pipes, and drink their beer.

Like the Scotch, they prefer houses in which a family can live on every separate storey ; and there are commonly two or three families of the most respectable and wealthy class in one house. One of those round-headed doorways, already spoken of, often

forms the entrance ; and it is quite a tour of discovery to find the family you want in it. You see two or three bell-handles on the outside, sometimes with *Oben* written under one, *Unten* under another, and *Dritten Stock* under a third. If you have not already possessed yourself of the exact information in which stock or storey the family that you want resides, you must pull a bell at a guess, for the name of the occupier of each stock nowhere appears. When you have done this, in awhile you hear a click, and the door opens itself an inch or so. This is a sign that you can enter.

Early hours and simple living distinguish the Germans. Three meals a-day are the usual order. The common people are astir extremely early, especially in summer, when waggons and carriages begin to roll about at two o'clock ; and after that time, every hour becomes more lively with the country people proceeding to the town with articles for market. The cooks and good housewives are off to market, to make their purchases for the day, at five and six o'clock. The peasant girls, of course, before that hour, are going along in streams, with their tubs or baskets on their heads, full of vegetables, eggs, milk, fruit, &c. Men, who get up early to study, or to work, often take some coffee directly they come down, and then breakfast with their family at six or seven o'clock in summer. This breakfast is, generally, simply coffee and bread, mostly without butter. Dinner is on table at twelve or one. The German cookery abounds in soups, vegetables,

and sausages, of various kinds, sour kraut, of course, salads of as many kinds, amongst which a particular salad, made of cold potatoes with vinegar and anchovies, is a great favourite. Their meat, like most Continental meat, is very lean. Their beef, though lean, good,—their bullocks being fine, but killed just at that state in which we should begin to feed them. Their mutton is generally very bad,—the sheep being kept principally for the wool, and never fed like ours. Veal is killed at about a week old, and is very poor and tasteless. Hood's description of a big man, with a big stick, and a big dog, driving a week-old calf, is of everyday realization in the street. Lamb has no resemblance whatever to that most princely of luxuries in England; and, what is worse, the green peas are always spoiled by being gathered before they have any kernel, and by being cooked with sugar. Fowls they have in plenty, and cheap, but never well fed. Geese, on the contrary, are regularly crammed, when alive, with Indian corn; and are stuffed in the cooking with chestnuts. They are often, however, to our taste, spoiled by the plentiful addition of raisins. Hares are cheap—the common price being a shilling, and are good. Cheese is very indifferent, and little eaten at table. Their beer is a weak table-beer, very strong of hop, very wholesome, and, with a little use, very agreeable; but, in the wine districts, wine is much more drunk at table, being quite as cheap, and in summer being very pleasant, from its weakness and its sub-acid flavour.

Of puddings they have a variety, and very tolerable. After dinner, a cup of coffee is generally taken. Tea is by no means a general afternoon beverage. Of late years it has been more and more introduced; but in the greater number of families is not drank except when they have visitors, and then one or two cups is all that they can master. They complain that tea makes them drunk, makes their heads ache, heats them, gives them red noses, and, in fact, has all the effects of spirituous liquors on them. The mode in which the English drink off their three, four, or five cups occasionally, is to them amazing, but more so the strength of it. You have to water your tea for your German visitors till it is really not tea, but milk and water; and if you allowed the waiters at inns to make tea for you, it would require a good microscope to find the tea-leaves in the pot. Such is the effect of custom. German families, in general, therefore, have their Abends-essen, or supper, about seven o'clock. This consists very much of cold sliced meat, sausages, potato-salad, and such like. The eating of meat suppers and drinking of no tea probably produces the common effect, that they require in the morning to supply themselves with that fluid which we take at tea-time. The first thing, therefore, that you see a German do at breakfast, is to toss off a large glass of cold water. Numbers, if they did not get their dose of cold water, could not eat a bit of breakfast.

During the day, while the men are at their various avocations, the ladies are busy in their kitchens, or

amongst their linen, or are sewing or knitting as if their lives depended on the labour. The hoarding of linen and of stockings is just as great a passion with most German ladies as with the Frau von Westen, (a character in a play.) Spinning-wheels abound, and are to be seen in the houses of many people of great pretensions; in still more of the burgher class, and in every house of the common people. The rock is often bound about with a gay broad ribbon, and the wheel itself is very neat. Linen is hoarded up in such quantities that washing-days come, in very many families, but once a-quarter, in many even but once a-year; and I have heard of one wealthy family where the master's shirts were only gone through in six years. Most gentlemen now have their gross of shirts, and other things in proportion. The quantity of beautiful table-linen, napkins for the table and the chambers, and all such things, would be a cordial to any good housewife's soul. The knitting of stockings is an everlasting job. At home and abroad, Sundays and week-days, in private parties and at public out-of-door concerts, and in public gardens, the dear, good, industrious souls sit knitting, and smiling and gossiping in the seventh heaven of delight. It is to be hoped that there is a German heaven, where knitting is one of the appointed rewards of virtue; for without the idea of the eternity of knitting-needles what German lady could look forward with any comfort?

The great defect of German female education is, that household and social accomplishments are made

the sum of their instruction. The ladies of Germany, with many exceptions, are far below the English ladies, as desirable intellectual companions. Kinder or more attached and affectionate creatures cannot exist; but the good creatures must excuse me when I say, that they too often resemble kind, dear creatures in England, that one might pick up out of the class of our maids and housekeepers,—with the exception of the knowledge of music and French,—who would make very inadequate companions of our intellectual tastes and pursuits, though they might possess all other virtues under heaven. They are not instructed in the more solid parts of general learning. In history, in geography, in the wide field of the world of polite literature, in which our English ladies are as much at home as ourselves, they are far, far behind these ladies. They read, indeed, the romances, and novels, and poetry, not only of their own country, but almost all the new novels of France, and England too; and truly, it must be confessed, shew very little discrimination in their taste for these. Not only the works of Bulwer, Boz, Marryat, James, &c, but the most trashy tales of our inferior writers, which are puffed in England, are immediately translated, or reprinted in Germany, and are as much read by ladies and the devourers of circulating library pabulum, as they are at home. The men of any standing, from the cheapness of a university education, generally receive such a one; and, as if from jealousy, seem to have a mortal aversion to the ladies possessing the same sort of information as themselves.

There is, accordingly, a great vacuum in German literature, which in England is filled by a host of productions which are equally read and relished by men and women; in which all matters of history, science, morals, and religion, are ably and profoundly, though not technically treated.—*Howitt's Rural and Domestic Life in Germany.*

A HORSE RACE IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

The women and girls are decidedly the best riders. With them, not as with the ladies of our Atlantic cities, side-saddles are out of the question. In their loose flowing drapery, hair streaming in the wind, their beautifully erect position, and their horses careering along like the march of the whirlwind, they look majestically dangerous, and yet they are never thrown from the saddle. Yonder, on the plain, some forty or fifty women are speeding almost with the rapidity of light toward some well-selected goal. Every nerve and muscle of both horses and riders is stretched to the utmost tension,—the former, from sheer instinct to gain the victory; the latter, from a spirit of almost matchless daring, mirthfulness, and excitement. Now comes along a party of men and boys, many of them clinging, with their naked limbs, like leeches to the flanks of their foaming steeds, while their restless hands and arms are describing all sorts of circles in the air, as if under pain of dismemberment, but, in

reality, to cheer along their animals to a swifter speed. Clouds of choking dust follow in their wake. Here and there may be seen a mounted foreigner, quietly looking on, or sharing in their mirth and sports. But yonder is a scene that defies all attempts at description. A few horses and donkeys, not under immediate use, but which, a few minutes since, were quietly feeding on the ever-living pasture, have caught the spirit of that fiery locomotion by which their compeers are impelled over the plain. Unable any longer to control their nature, away they speed, in the utmost confusion, as though their powers of a life-endurance were all concentrated in this single moment. Now they have mingled with the mounted animals, sharing their foam, and madly plunging through the clouds of dust, and endangering the life and limbs of any pedestrian who fails to get out of the way in time.—*Sandwich Island Notes.*

THE MORMON WOMEN.

With all due regard to the obligations of gallantry, and deference to the rights of the sex, I cannot say that the Mormon ladies can lay claim to any superiority over their lords and masters, the saints, either in appearance, manners, or education. With some very few exceptions, they generally impress me as having sprang from inferior grades of society. Whatever may be their other virtues, which it is but fair to presume are not a few, beauty, refined and delicate

features, and graceful manners, are most certainly not of the number. I may be permitted, without overstepping the bounds of propriety, or encroaching upon the prerogatives of the sex, to say that a swain must be most deplorably persecuted with the darts of Cupid, indeed, who could fall in love with a Mormon lady at first sight. Mormon ladies, like those of other communities, are fond of making such little display of finery and fashion in dress as is at their command. The styles in vogue vary as widely as the different costumes and usages of the various countries from whence they came. A favourite peculiarity of dress with many of them is, to wear chip or Leghorn hats somewhat after the fashion of those worn by Swiss and Italian peasant women, instead of bonnets. These sometimes serve to give some degree of piquancy to faces otherwise quite insipid or repugnant in their expression of features. The efforts of some of the beauties, both young and old, to make a fashionable display of their charms, are really grotesque in the extreme.

The position of the women here is altogether secondary to that of man. Perhaps, were I to say that the women were in a state of entire and absolute subjection to the men, the term would be more truly expressive of the actual state of the relations existing between them. According to the creed which they have mutually adopted, a woman stands no chance of earthly happiness or spiritual salvation unless she is married, or, in their parlance, sealed to a man. The men, thus

holding in their hands the keys of the women's fate, are not restricted in the number of those to whom they extend the blessings of happiness and salvation ; while poor woman is forced, under heavy penalties, even that of death, to confine herself to the sovereign rights of but one husband. This is a right and privilege which many of the saints avail themselves of to the fullest extent. Many of the saints consider their liberalities and capabilities sufficiently large to justify them in taking under their saintly protection as many as ten or twelve, or even more wives, who are then denominated spirituals. To entitle them to enter into this state of relative lordship and dependence, the consent of the president has to be first obtained, and then some qualified form or ceremony of marriage to be gone through with. The number of spirituals attached to Governor Young's immediate household, and those over whom he exercises sovereign rights, it is impossible to determine. I have, however, seen his carriage or omnibus repeatedly drive up to the church-door on a Sunday, filled with a dozen or more dames, old, middle-aged, and young,—all of whom, I am told, claim to be his well-beloved and honoured wives. Besides these, I am informed that he has numerous other wives quartered in various parts of the city. Being the head of the community, I presume that he has the pick of the flock. If such is the case, I cannot say that I entertain any very extravagant admiration of his taste in female beauty.

The other leading saints, I am told, have wives, or

spirituals, proportionate in number to their dignity and standing in the church. These spirituals usually reside upon the same premises with their lords,—some favourite wife generally occupying the principal mansion, while the others are quartered near by, in small cottages or outbuildings erected for their accommodation. Sometimes the family becomes so large as to imperatively require a division; and they are then settled in diverse directions, the husband visiting the one or the other as taste and inclination may lead him. Strange to say, those numerous joint-tenants, if I may use a legal phrase, of one lord, most generally live together upon terms of the best understanding and most complete harmony. The green-eyed monster seems to have entirely overlooked the ladies of Salt Lake in his round of terrestrial visitations. Such a thing as a spiritual Kilkenny fight is a thing wholly unheard of and unsuspected in the annals of Mormonism. As might be expected, the Mormons permit only a very guarded and restricted intercourse between their families and the Gentiles. With oriental jealousy they seem to doubt and distrust any and all social attentions upon the part of strangers to their wives and daughters. In fact, they generally utterly forbid the Mormon young ladies to engage in any association whatever with the young Gentiles of the city.

The chief glory and consolation of the ladies, in the dearth of their other privileges, would seem to consist in the honour which they enjoy, to the most liberal extent, of becoming the mother of an endless multitude

of infant saints, or gods, as they impiously call themselves and their offspring. The number of children in the valley is quite incalculable. It surpasses all belief. Almost every lady who has attained the age of womanhood carries one of those juvenile responsibilities in her arms. From this, some idea of the rapidly growing population of Salt Lake may be obtained. These godlike infants are usually honoured, soon after birth, with some old Biblical or other quaint name, such as Zebulon, Erastus, Jedediah, Nehemiah, Naptha, Tamar, and so on — *A Visit to Utah.*

PORTUGUESE BATHING.

The Portuguese, high and low, have great faith in the efficacy of a course of sea-baths; and all seem to think there is a charm in exact numbers. The Fidalgo will on no account cease from his dippings till *his* number, whatever it may be, seventy or ninety, or more or less, is complete; and the poor man, who may be able to spare only *one* day from daily labour, will compress his number into the twenty-four hours, taking forty or fifty, or perhaps more dips in that space of time. There is a charm in days, too; and the anniversary of St. Bartholomew is, among the poorer classes, the great day. This year it fell upon a Sunday, and the concourse of people was immense. The shore was literally covered with bathers, thick as they could stand, for two or three miles. The process began

before five o'clock, A.M., and was on this day scarcely ended at sunset. The peasants come from great distances, are dressed in their holiday attire, and strange as various were the costumes that presented themselves to my English eye in our village, the Foz, this day. The massive gold chains and ear-rings of the women surprised me most; chain upon chain, the weight of which *must* have been oppressive to many a slender neck that I saw thus adorned. One figure of a group that passed through the village made even the Portuguese look round: a lady on a fine black mule, attended by a gentleman on a very handsome black horse, and followed by two running footmen; and indeed they had to run to keep up with the quick jog-trot of the animals. The senhor was dressed as any English gentleman might be dressed for taking a ride on the Steyne at Brighton. But his senhora! She was the wonder. Attired in a rich black silk, curiously fashioned, fitting tight to the figure, and shewing off the well-rounded waist; on her head a large square clear white muslin kerchief, richly embroidered round the edge, falling down the back and below the shoulders, rather standing off from the shoulders, and upon this, a round beaver hat of a shining jet black. The crown of the hat was also round, with a little inclination to the sugar-loaf shape; the brim might be three inches wide. The white kerchief did not appear on the forehead, but came out from under the hat, just behind the ears, leaving an unobstructed view of a pair of magnificent gold ear-

rings ; the neck was encircled by massive gold chains, one of which depended as low as the waist.—*Journal of a few Months' Residence in Portugal.*

A KOORDISH ENCAMPMENT NEAR ERZEROTM.

The climate here was quite delicious. In spite of the lateness of the season, a few families of the wandering Koords still lingered in their autumn pastures, pitching their black tents on the southern bank of some protecting range. The weather was, indeed, so genial that the approach of winter was almost imperceptible ; groups of shepherds lay basking in the sun, in the midst of their large flocks ; and the surrounding pastures, refreshed by recent showers, were still covered with a short but tender herbage. An "Eelyaut" encampment, in a cheerful and well-watered country, is one of the most picturesque and happiest scenes imaginable. A patriarchal simplicity stamps their manners, and seems almost to realize the sweet pictures of the poet's Arcadia. Free as the air they breathe, they shift their goats'-hair tents from stream to spring, from valley to mountain, with the changing seasons, and look down with pity and contempt upon the "sitters in houses." Although Mohammedans, their women are unveiled ; and they not only share the toils of their husbands and brothers, but sometimes emulate them in feats of horsemanship. Though rarely pretty, the glow of health, and the good-humoured expression of these young Koordish maidens, supply the place of

beauty; and their gay costume displays to great advantage their full round forms, and sunburnt features. Upon them devolve the labours of the dairy and the loom; while the young men tend the flocks, or scour the country round in search of game. The elders of the tribe enjoy the true *otium cum dignitate*, seated in front of their huts, where they receive the passing stranger, and smoke with him the pipe of welcome. The black Koordish tent, supported by its many poles, is a very picturesque object; and when they are grouped together on the margin of some mountain-stream, surrounded by their flocks and herds, they form a very pretty picture.—*Wilbraham's Travels*.

TURKISH BEGGARS.

The plague of beggars is here no slight one. They come from all parts, and form an exhibition of the dirtiest and most picturesque variety of the mendicant class. In England, it is almost a principle with many persons never to give to beggars. The Briton has no scruple in driving off these unproductive labourers, and bidding them apply to the workhouse. But here, almsgiving is an institution. Those who cannot work must starve if unassisted; and even the able-bodied often cannot get employment, or live by it when obtained. Besides, the beggars are real beggars, such as are read of in romances. They have a staff and a wallet, a long beard and a stooping frame; they hold

out a wooden bowl, and receive donations with a kind of venerable grace. Others, generally women, scream out their demands in a mixture of Greek and Italian, and, seated by the wayside, follow the passer-by with their voices till he is out of sight. Others train up their children to run after strangers with a piteous whine, which generally obtains something from the visitor who has just landed. But their number is a great nuisance, and it is rapidly increasing.—*Constantinople Correspondent*.

A FRENCH LADY.

There seems to be an idea prevalent among us, that a French lady is a sort of butterfly, fluttering about the house, or away from the house, but always appearing in the character of an ornament. This is far from being the real state of the case. So few families in France may be called wealthy, that most of the bright things we sometimes see in public are compelled very practically to look after their own affairs at home. There are, of course, exceptions among the upper *bourgeoisie*, and in the Faubourg St. Germain, sufficient to form a class; but what we should call mere fashionables, are quite rare in Paris—the city of elegance and intrigue. Half the ladies who attend the imperial balls have been in the kitchen that very day scolding their *bonnes*, and lifting up the lids of their *casseroles*.

A really elegant dame spends the morning at her

toilet, and is ready to be admired at four o'clock in the afternoon. Admirers are not long in coming. In many houses from four to five gentlemen call in, and are received in the *salon* by the lady alone. No visitor of her own sex is expected; and her husband is away making calls on his own account. If he were to remain, and be present at his wife's reception, he would be considered simply ridiculous; and this is a thing which he most especially avoids. These afternoon meetings, however, are very pleasant; and, when the lady of the house is clever and lively, are perhaps superior in enjoyment to the soirées. A woman is never seen to so much advantage as when no rivals are present. She is then conscious of exercising undivided sway; none of her powers are wasted in spiteful watching for defects in others, and there is no maliciousness in her amiability.—*Bayle St. John's Purple Tints of Paris.*

A CIRCASSIAN REPAST.

The dinner consisted of a sort of pudding, made of the coarse ground meal peculiar to this country, and called pasta; this was heaped up in the centre of a little, low, round, three-legged stool; and around were arranged a number of little pieces of boiled kid, and a small basin containing a solution of salt in the decoction of some aromatic plant. Plates, knives, and forks, are quite unknown; and the natives eat with their fingers, taking first a bit of meat, previously dipped in

salt water, and then shoving after it a large mouthful of pudding. We had brought our knives and forks, so we were able to modify a little this practice. We washed down our dinners with a thin, sour wine, not very delicate, but very refreshing. As dessert, pancakes, made of the same meal, which we ate after dipping them in honey, were brought up, and they would have been good anywhere.

FISHING IN CHINA.

One of the methods of catching fish is most extraordinary. The fisherman goes into shallow water *in puris naturalibus*, and strikes the water with a bamboo rod, standing perfectly still for a moment; then again strikes the water and dives, and, nineteen times out of twenty, brings up a fish; which, having been alarmed by the noise, swims down to the bottom of the stream, when he or she is nabbed by the fisherman. This is repeated until the fisherman has filled his basket, which is slung around his body, or until he is weary of his task.—*China and the Chinese.*

SOCIETY IN FRANCE.

One peculiarity which puzzles an Englishman, is the want of any fixed precedence for individuals of acknowledged rank. Neither the countess nor the

marchioness, as a thing of course, takes precedence of untitled ladies ; and if an English person of rank is politely distinguished in a French party, the distinction will be as much the result of attention to the stranger, as of respect to the station ; there is, therefore, an easy intercourse in every company, the humblest of which feels that he or she is on a perfect equality, as to companionship for the time, with the others. There is none of that nice admeasurement of civilities, according to the degree of rank, or fictitious importance, which often is so offensively marked by us, with such exclusiveness to favoured individuals, and rude indifference to others, as offends equally against good taste, good feeling, and sound judgment. The French, in my humble opinion, have none of this folly ; the individual who possesses the talents for pleasing, or the information for instructing, is at once placed in a prominent position in the social circle. There is good sense in this. The pride of mere rank is not tolerated ; there must be something positively good or agreeable in the guest who, without such qualification, will meet with little deferential homage ; the democratic turn of the French restrains them powerfully from offering extreme and punctilious court to the possession of a titled name, while a sufficient degree of polite respect is most willingly offered. In short, rank has no undue preference ; the attainment of it does not compensate for deficiencies in other respects, nor does the aristocracy of mere wealth weigh a single feather, even with the most determined

republicans and haters of the coronet. Vulgarity and ignorance lolling in a coach-and-four may excite the respect of a large portion of my countrymen ; but I am convinced that, without the superior qualifications of good breeding and pleasing deportment, the French of any reputable class of society would feel quite differently. The universal politeness exercised towards *le beau sexe* insures to any female the attention due to one ; for example, an English governess, however high her attainments, is often proverbially treated amongst us by the vulgar-minded as if she were a menial, or, at best, of an inferior grade. In French society her chances of mortification from the proud, the rude, the malicious, or the inconsiderate and selfish, are comparatively few. She is not made to feel that she is not one of the company, except by *sufferance*. But when I mention the excellences, I must qualify my praise by saying that, to my taste, there is much chilling formality in the intercourse of French society, especially between the sexes. There is something of the burlesque, according to our notions, in the unvaried bowing between persons who meet perhaps every day of their lives. The salaam of a gentleman, going his round in a circle of ladies, and bending with solemnity to each of them in succession, with *Madame* or *Mademoiselle*, "*J'ai l'honneur de vous saluer ;*" or, in the most profound silence, while the objects of this homage hardly venture on a look of recognition, is perfectly incomprehensible to the untravelled Englishman. Yet such is the prevalence of

national habit, that no length of acquaintance would warrant a gentleman to shake hands with young unmarried ladies, if unconnected with them by near relationship, and scarcely with an old one, single or wedded, in public company. How incorrectly, then, would an Englishman complain of an inhospitable and freezing reception in a French party, if a degree of familiarity should not be extended to him by the company of either sex, which, according to their views of good breeding and propriety, is not usual among themselves !—*Dr. Haibj's Rambles in Normandy.*

A CUBAN MILKMAN.

Few matters strike the observant stranger with a stronger sense of their peculiarity than the Cuban milkman's mode of supplying that necessary aliment to his town or city customers. He has no cart filled with shining cans ; and they, in turn, filled with milk, (or what purports to be milk, but what is apt strongly to savour of cockituate or croton ;) so that there can be no deception as to the genuine character of the article which he supplies. Driving his sober kine from door to door, he deliberately milks just the quantity required by each customer, delivers it, and drives on to the next. The patient animal becomes as conversant with the residence of her master's customers as he is himself, and stops, unbidden, at regular intervals before the proper houses, often followed by a

pretty little calf, which amuses itself by gazing at the process, while it wears a leather muzzle to prevent its interference with the supply of milk intended for another quarter. There are, doubtless, two good reasons for this mode of delivering milk in Havannah and the large towns in Cuba. First, there can be no diluting of the article; and second, it is sure to be sweet and fresh,—this latter a particular desideratum in a climate where milk without ice can be kept only a brief period without spoiling. Of course the effect upon the animal is by no means salutary, and a Cuban cow gives but about one-third as much milk as our own. Goats are driven about and milked in the same manner.—*Ballou's History of Cuba.*

PACKING AN INFANT.

The characteristic composure of the people was well shewn in a young mother, with rather pleasing features, who brought her infant, of four months old, out of one of the huts, and, seating herself on the sunny side of it, proceeded most deliberately to pack up the child for the night in its little wooden cradle, whilst half-a-dozen of us looked on with no small curiosity. The cradle was cut out of the solid, and covered with leather, flaps of which were so arranged as to lace across the top with leathern thongs; the inside and the little pillow were rendered tolerably soft with reindeer moss; and the infant fitted

the space so exactly that it could stir neither hand nor foot, yet made little resistance to the operation. A hood protected the head, whilst it admitted air freely. When the packing was finished, the little creature was speedily rocked asleep.—*Forbes' Norway.*

FEMALE GOVERNMENT.

Paris has been said to be the purgatory of husbands, and the paradise of women. In truth, female government is pushed to a great extent in a bourgeois family. Men have gravely asked me if the position of women in England does not border on slavery ; because they have heard that, whilst the wife is not supreme, she, at the same time, stays a great deal at home. In France the empire is established in the honeymoon by a young wife over a somewhat faded husband ; but the cause of its continuance is the natural indolence of the male sex. Sterne's description of the glove lady is still, in some sort, correct. Men in business scarcely ever venture on any great operation without consulting their wives ; and, as I have said, in humble life the women almost always keep the books. A husband has generally nothing to do with the details of household affairs ; he never buys linen, plate, or furniture, much less provisions. The man would be eternally ridiculous who should think of bringing home "a bit of fish" for dinner. He is supposed not to know the price of any article of first necessity. In genteel

society he scarcely ever is aware who his wife has invited to dinner until he sees his guests. The lady of the house overlooks everything—even the dress of her husband. She buys his shirts, his cravats, his gloves; her taste presides over all. In England, I observe that a lady displays to her husband a pretty lace shawl she has bought for herself; and he draws her attention to the capital box of cigars he has bought for himself.—*Purple Tints of Paris.*

AN AMERICAN HELP.

Servants in America are a great plague, expensive, whimsical, and idle. On one occasion, a servant, who came to be hired by a lady friend of mine, entered the room, and immediately seated herself on the sofa by the lady of the house; scrutinized her thoroughly; asked the nature of the duties she was expected to perform, and her salary; and then said abruptly: "Well, I likes the looks of you, and I guess I'll come." This was all that passed.—*Fowler's Sketches of Travel.*

RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCES.

THE RIHAMAZAN, or MOHAMMEDAN FAST of thirty days, is kept with great strictness. It is so called from the month of that name, the ninth in the Turkish year. It is strange to watch how the ordinary current of events and customs holds its course in Turkey. The Sultan repairs weekly to the mid-day prayer, as his predecessors have done for centuries. The Vizier and the Sheik-ul-Islam may be seen in his train; the Chief of the Black Eunuchs, important as Mesrour of old, and Pashas ranking in dignity according to the number of their tails. The only difference is the change of costume, a change certainly not for the better as far as splendour and elegance are concerned, and a proof that excellence is seldom the result of mere imitation. The music, too, is not the clang of Asiatic kettle-drums and cymbals, but an unhappy mockery of European art. The successor of the Caliphs is sometimes welcomed by the strains of a very old polka, or by some lively air of Ethiopian parentage. However, he is there, punctual and pious, to implore the favour of the Prophet in the words that Suleiman and Amurath used before him. The courts of justice still interpret a body of laws to which our own are brief and perspicuous; the Mufti gives his opinion on the matter in dispute in terms sanctioned by the use of ages; and the decision, so far as it is uninfluenced by corrupt

motives, is in accordance with the spirit of the Kur-ân.

The Rhamazan is a fast which should be kept by every Mussulman; and it is indeed strictly observed by all but the wealthy and prosperous, who seldom, in any country, subject themselves to restraint. From the rising to the setting of the sun—a period sometimes of fourteen hours—no pious Turk will taste food or water, or even smoke his pipe; indulgence of every kind is forbidden; and the night is devoted to the refreshment of the body after the day's fast, and to attendance at the stated prayers. For those who have nothing to do, the Rhamazan is no great trial. They can sleep all day, and enjoy themselves by feasting in the night-time. But for all that large class whose daily bread depends on their daily toil, it is a season full of hardships; and the religious impulse must still be strong which can lead men to undergo, annually, such a deprivation. The boatman or horseboy must toil under the blazing sun, for a whole summer's day, without a drink of water or a piece of bread. Yet, year after year, the fast is kept with unchanging strictness; and there are poor men here who have not broken their Rhamazan during thirty years. In fact, only illness of the gravest kind would justify such a delinquency in the eyes of a Mussulman.

At the close of the Rhamazan occur the three days of Baizam,—the Easter of the Mohammedans,—a period of festivity which makes up for the self-denial of the previous fast.

This feast begins, like the Rhamazan, as soon as the new moon is announced by the persons appointed for that purpose, and during the course of thirty-three years, takes place in all the seasons and all the months of the year, because the Turks reckon by lunar years. It is the custom, at this feast, for inferiors to make presents to their superiors. This custom formerly extended even to the Europeans, who were obliged to make presents to men of rank, to the pachas, and the cadis. The sultan is also accustomed to distribute favours and presents at this time. Sixty days after this first great Baizam, begins a second,—the lesser Baizam. These are the only two feasts, the celebration of which the religion of Mohammed prescribes to the faithful.

In MOHAMMEDAN countries the hours of prayer are announced from the minarets by the muezzin. Five prayers are repeated daily,—one before sunrise, one at dawn, one at noon, one at four in the afternoon, and one at sunset. As bells are not in use among the Mohammedans, the muezzin proclaims the time, and reminds the faithful of their duty. He tells them, at daybreak, that prayer is better than sleep; and at dinner-time, that prayer is better than food.

“Neither age nor wealth,” says Dr. Wagner in his *Algeria and the French Conquests*,—a German work translated by Francis Pulszki,—“can lull the Moors into indifference to their faith. The thirty-nine mosques yet remaining in Algiers, during my stay were always

crowded by pious Mussulmans throughout the Rhamazan. Curiosity, and the interest in mysterious ceremonies so prevalent with us Germans, attracted me likewise towards the mosque whenever I heard the voice of the muezzin. The large interior colonnade of the mosque in the Rue de la Marine, is at that time illuminated by numerous lamps; and in the recess of the sanctuary stands the Mufti-el-Hanefi, or Sheik-el-Islam, with the Kur-án before him, from which he first reads, mumbling low with bowed head until the congregation has become numerous. The devotees, with faces turned to the niche, form several long rows. They stand, or sit with crossed legs, motionless and dumb, like statues. But suddenly the voice of the priest is raised, thrilling the whole audience by one single shrill sound. He says the prayers, the contents of which are rather monotonous,—an unceasing enumeration of adjectives in praise of Allah, like the old hymns of the Greeks, or the litany of the Roman Catholics. Then again he reads verses of the Kur-án, and often breaks out into whining and piercing lamentations, sounding like the piteous utterance of a tortured man. The character of the Rhamazan prayer is the most complete self-humiliation in the presence of the majesty of a great and stern God. The tone of the praying mufti does not long continue to be piercingly shrill; it sometimes resembles a doleful song, sinking slowly by degrees like the tones of some bird in the woods. With every modulation of the voice of the priest, the devotees are seized with the

strangest convulsive fits, precipitating themselves head foremost on the carpet, kneeling, bowing convulsively, rising again, and again crouching ; yet everything in a regular systematic way, every movement in harmony with the rhythm of the prayer. It is a striking sight to behold the proud Mohammedan thus at the feet of his God, bowing in trembling humility, like a sinful slave. The pious assembly is all mixed together, without any distinction of rank or race. I noticed among it Moors, Turks, Arabs, Kabyles, Kuruglis, Biskaris, and Negroes. The Turks, in magnificent gaudy dress, crouched beside the uncouth ragged Biskari ; the pale Moor, with noble features, next to the ill-formed apish Negro of Sudan,—all aspiring to their Creator with the same pious devotion. The perfect sentiment of equality is one of the characteristic features of Islam.

“The Mussulmans, during prayer, always have a rosary twisted round their hands, like the Roman Catholics and Buddhists. In Algiers, these rosaries are made of the round seeds of the dwarf-palm. The priests of all classes, the majority of the Arab Marabouts, and many old Beduins, wear them round their neck, both as a token of their piety and as an ornament. Some of the most renowned saints of this country, among them Abd-el-Kader, almost always have the rosary in their hand. When the Mohammedan has wearied himself out with prayer, he remains immoveable for some moments, bows his head to his breast, lets the beads of his rosary once more

pass his fingers, and mumbles his farewell to the sacred spot. In one of the courts, where there are orange-groves and fountains, he carefully washes hands and feet with consecrated water, then puts on his sandals again, and leaves the mosque with his usual grave deportment. From this centre of union, where every earthly distinction disappears, they all return to their common life and usual pursuits: the Moor to his stone house, where his wife greets him in the marble hall; the Beduin to his camels'-hair tent in the wilderness; the Kabyle to his mud cabin in the mountains. But on their way home many of these devotees do not hesitate to plunder their co-religionists, or to cut the throat of the very first Christian whom they chance to meet in lonely paths."

It is an imperative duty of the HINDUS to bathe in the Ganges, or at least to wash themselves with its waters, and to distribute alms on certain days. The Hindus believe that this river rises immediately from the feet of Bramah, and that it possesses great miraculous powers on account of its divine origin. Whoever dies on its banks, and drinks of its waters before his death, is thought to be exempted from the necessity of returning into this world, and commencing a new life. Whenever, therefore, a sick person has been given over by the physicians, his relations hasten to carry him to the banks of the Ganges, in order that he may drink of the holy water, or be immersed in the river. Such as live too far from it to admit of this,

always preserve some of the precious water, as a sacred treasure, in a copper vessel, that it may be given them in the hour of death. This water is, therefore, a considerable article of commerce in India. It is also customary, after the dead have been buried, to preserve the remains of the bones and the ashes, until an opportunity offers of throwing them into the Ganges.

The CHINESE fast-boats have all their idols. They are thus described by an American author: "Each boat has its deity or idol, which is left in the hold, in the safest part of the boat. It is generally a small image of the goddess of the sea, made of wax, and is considered the guardian of their boat. It is kept in a sitting posture, fantastically dressed in silks of the gaudiest colours, and placed in a shrine lined with tinsel. Two lights are kept burning before her; and twice a-day they present her with cups of tea, sweet-meats, fruits, &c.; but as she never deigns to accept of them, the boatmen themselves, after waiting a due time, are obliged to swallow their offerings for her. I observed, that at sunset they light five matches, (‘Josh sticks,’) which were stuck up in different parts of the boat. Upon my asking the boatmen why he did so, he replied, that it was ‘Chin Chin Josh;’ meaning that it was an offering to the god of the sea, for a continuation of a good breeze. Upon my trying to persuade him that such idolatry was all folly, he replied: *‘That have old custom.’* That it is an old

custom, is evidence enough to any Chinese, that whatever he may be doing is right; and foreign innovations or improvements, in any case, are repelled with scorn. The fast-boat men are generally a pretty faithful and industrious class, and live better than the generality of the labouring Chinese."

IN the EAST INDIES are a kind of fanatics, called Fakeers, who retire from the world, and give themselves up to contemplation. They endeavour to gain the veneration of the people by absurd and cruel penances. Some roll themselves in the dirt. Others hold an arm raised in one position so long that it becomes withered, and remains fixed in this position for life. Others keep the hands clasped together so long that the nails grow into the flesh, and come out on the other side. Others turn their faces over the shoulder, or the eyes towards the end of the nose, till they become unchangeably fixed in this direction. They make a vow of poverty, and to live at the expense of the faithful. Some of them, however, possess money and land. There are Mohammedan and Hindu fakeers. The number of the former is considerable. The idea of the virtue of self-torment seems to have originated in the East; and was received by the early Christians, who made penance a means of conflict with the temptations of the world. The author of *Memoirs of a Cadet* gives the following description of a superstitious mode of travelling adopted by one of these fakeers:—"One evening as our party (in India) were strolling

on shore after the day's journey, we observed a native of most filthy appearance engaged in what appeared to us a very extraordinary process. He repeatedly laid himself on the ground at full length, making, at the same time, a mark in the sand close to the crown of his head ; then rising, he placed his feet by the said mark, and lay down again as before. This process he might continue *ad infinitum*, for aught we know, as we saw no end to it, each successive prostration gaining one length of his body to the southward. We addressed him, and inquired his object. He returned us no answer ; nor did he appear to notice us. We then made the same inquiry of some natives who were also watching him, not with curiosity like ourselves, but with the most profound respect and reverence. He was a devout fakeer on his pilgrimage to Juggernaut, whither he was making his way in the manner described,—namely, measuring the whole distance by the length of his body. He had already thus travelled more than three hundred miles ; and as he had only about four hundred miles farther to go, every hope was entertained of a prosperous conclusion to his journey."

In ASIA there are a certain class of religious persons called Dervises. The name is taken from a Persian word, signifying poor, and denotes the same amongst Mohammedans as monk with the Christians, and fakeer with the Hindus. The observance of strict forms, fasting, and acts of piety, give them a charac-

ter of sanctity amongst the people. They live partly together, in monasteries, and throughout Turkey; they are freely received, even at the tables of persons of the highest rank. The regularly itinerant dervises in Turkey are all foreigners, or outcasts, who, though expelled from their orders for misconduct, find their profession too agreeable and profitable to be abandoned, and therefore 'set up for themselves, and, under colour of sanctity, fleece the people. Dancing, or something like it, forms an essential part of the duties of some of the orders. The dances of the greater number are called *devr*, (circle,) because they consist in a movement, forwards, of the right foot, accompanied with violent contortions of the body, all the performers joining hand in hand, and standing in a circle. The longer the dance, and the louder the shout of *Ya Hu*, or *Ya Allah*, the greater is the merit. These exercises are therefore often persevered in till a fainting fit or spitting of blood concludes the exhibition. The exhibitions of the *Rufaries* are the longest and most comprehensive of all. Towards the close of them the performers are worked up into a sort of frenzy. Previous to this time, two of the dervises put spits, swords, daggers, &c., into the fire, that they may be presented red-hot to the sheikh, or chief, when the excitement reaches its highest pitch. The sheikh blows upon them, just touches them with his mouth, and delivers them to the most eager of the fraternity. They are seized, licked, gnawed, and held in the mouth, till the glow disappears. Others seize the swords, cutlasses, &c., which are hanging on the walls

of the room, and slash their sides, arms, and legs unmercifully. The sheikh concludes the whole by going round, examining the wounds, blowing upon them, and anointing them with his saliva, which, together with a few prayers, effects a cure in twenty-four hours. The sheikhs of all orders have the credit of possessing miraculous powers. The interpretation of dreams, the cure of diseases, and the removal of barrenness, are the gifts for which the dervises are most in repute.

In THIBET exists the most extraordinary religion and government in the world. Some healthy peasant is purchased when young, who is privately tutored for the purpose. He is at the head of both ecclesiastical and secular affairs; and his usual residence is a pagoda, upon the mountain Putuli, in the vicinity of the capital Lassa. He sits cross-legged upon a kind of altar, on a large and splendid seat. He salutes no one—never uncovers his head—rises up before no one—never speaking or moving, otherwise than by laying his hand on the head of some favourite worshipper, who believes that he has thereby obtained the pardon of his sins. The neighbouring people flock in crowds, with rich presents, to pay their adorations. He is called the Grand Lama, or Dalai Lama; and they pretend that he is always young and immortal. When he begins to grow old, they privately despatch him, and set up another in his stead. His worshippers believe, that the divinity, as soon as it leaves the body of the Grand Lama, immediately takes possession of some other body in a

supernatural way, s⁶ that he only changes his exterior form, and not his actual existence.

EGYPTIAN SAINTS.

The number of persons who, in every generation, acquire a reputation for sanctity in Egypt, is very great. Scarcely a village fails to produce, from time to time, a holy man, who utterly displaces his predecessor; and having gathered a tribute of solid respect during his lifetime, contrives to attract empty homage to his tomb after his death. At length some other wise individual, having awakened to the profits of piety, follows his example; and thus the succession of objects of veneration is kept up. Sheer imbecility is sometimes a sufficient title to respect in the eyes of these poor barbarians, who, however, may be more prudent than we think them, and may be instinctively aware of the inconvenience of having saints too clever. The sacred idiots of Egypt, who often affect the folly which has not been vouchsafed to them, are but moderately exacting in their claims. They are content to be hardly so well dressed as the lilies of the field, provided they be required neither to toil nor to spin. Many of them, indeed, go about naked, as Adam before the fall. Their cells are anything but palaces. All they require, indeed, is to be fed in idleness, and allowed to spend their lives in a state of contemplative beatitude. Now and then they vouchsafe a little advice, but oftener

impart only the sacred influence which emanates from their persons.

It was once reported in a district towards the north of the Delta, that a strange animal—some said, a monkey of huge stature—was abroad, and did mighty damage to the crops. Many women, too, who met this thing in the fields, were frightened into premature maternity; and several men, who endeavoured to catch it, were severely wounded. At length the population of a great number of villages, armed with naboots, turned out for a regular battue, and succeeded in discovering their quarry sunk up to the middle in a morass. They pelted it with clods of earth until it came forth, and took to the open fields, when they gave furious chase. The monster was covered with hair, but resembled a man in form. Its agility was tremendous, and for a long time it contrived to evade the grasp of those who endeavoured to seize it. However, at last, by throwing naboots and stones, the excited fellâhs managed to disable it, and, to their astonishment, found that it was really a human being, a raving madman escaped from some distant village. At first they intended to finish the work they had so well begun; but some one suggested that the man was perhaps a great saint. They accordingly carried him in triumph, bruised and bleeding as he was, to the nearest village, where they put him in a cell, carefully barred, because he manifested a mischievous disposition at times; and ever afterwards he was honoured as a sheikh of the first order. It is true, the boys and girls of the village were often allowed to amuse them

selves by tormenting him; for the fellâh has no real veneration in his character, and is ready to satirise and make fun at any moment of everything he pretends to respect, except, of course, the *deen*, his faith in the abstract, and Lord Mohammed.—*Bayle St. John's Village Life in Egypt.*

PRAYING BY MACHINERY IN THIBET.

The prayer-cylinder, or *mani-chhos-khor*, (the precious religious wheel,) is a very ingenious instrument, and does great credit to the genius of the Thibetans. The body of the instrument is a metal cylinder, about three inches in height, and from two to two-and-a-half inches in diameter. The axis is prolonged below, to form a handle. The cylinder is filled with rolls of printed prayers and charms, which revolve as the instrument is turned round. Every lama carries a *chhos-khor*, which he keeps perpetually turning by a gentle motion of the hand, assisted by a cubical piece of iron fastened by a chain to the outside. As every revolution of a prayer is equivalent to its recitation, the *chhos-khor* is a very ingenious instrument for multiplying the number of man's prayers.

These instruments are found of all sizes, and in all positions. Cylinders, about one foot in height, are placed in rows around the temples, and are turned by the votaries before entering. Larger cylinders are found near villages, turned by water, which keeps them perpetually revolving day and night.—*Cunningham's Ladak.*

OATH-TAKING.

EVERY people have their own peculiar mode of taking an oath, which is binding on their consciences, and it is sometimes characteristic of their habits and temper. With a CHINESE the ceremonial of an oath is the breaking of a china saucer—a practice savouring of a brittle, puny race, with little that is formidable in their nature. The Sikh is pledged on a cow's tail. The Highlander's most solemn and abiding oath was that which he took on the point of his drawn dirk. Very frequently it consisted in laying their hand, as they swore, on their own unsheathed weapon.

The peculiar oath of Louis the eleventh of FRANCE—the only one, indeed, which he was ever known to respect, and accounted binding upon him—was that by the Holy Cross of Saint Lo d' Angers, which is said to have contained a portion of the true cross. If he prevaricated after taking that oath, Louis believed he should die within the year. The Constable St. Paul, being invited to a personal conference with Louis, refused to meet the king unless he would agree to ensure him safe conduct under sanction of this oath. But, says Comines, the king replied he would never again pledge that engagement to mortal man, though he was willing to take any other oath which could be desired. The treaty broke off, therefore, after

much chaffering concerning the nature of the vow which Louis was to take. Such, says Sir Walter Scott, is the difference between the dictates of superstition and those of conscience.

In SCOTLAND, an oath is taken by holding up the right hand; in ENGLAND and IRELAND, by kissing the New Testament. If the person sworn is a Roman Catholic, the cross is marked on the outside of the book.

In the Middle Ages oaths were enormously abused, and, at the same time, most superstitiously observed. William the Conqueror, when he made his prisoner, Harold, swear to aid him in ascending the throne of England, "secretly conveyed under the altar, on which Harold agreed to swear, the relics of some of the most revered martyrs; and when Harold had taken the oath, he shewed him the relics, and admonished him to observe religiously an engagement which had been ratified by so tremendous a sanction."

In the British courts of justice in INDIA, the water of the Ganges is used for swearing Hindus, as the Bible is for Christians—that river being esteemed sacred by them.

COURT CEREMONIES.

IN CHINA, the Koton, or grand prostration, consists in the individual, admitted to the presence of the celestial emperor, prostrating himself nine times, and each time beating his head against the ground. This is to be performed to the emperor's place, throne, or chair of state, even though he himself should be absent. In 1816, when Lord Amherst went ambassador to China, an imperial banquet was given to him and his suite ; but the pleasure afforded by this testimony of respect was damped by the intimation, that they were expected to perform the grand ceremony in presence of the dinner, in the same manner as if his imperial majesty had presided, which he was considered to do, having given the entertainment. This proposition was rejected by Lord Amherst in the most decided terms. He refused even to kneel before the majesty of the table ; and, after long discussion, the Chinese compounded for nine bows, to correspond with the nine prostrations, which they themselves made.

Kissing the hand of the sovereign now forms part of the ceremonial of the European courts. It is considered a particular mark of grace. Officers are allowed this privilege when they set out on important expeditions, or return from them. In Prussia alone the king's hand is never, or, at least, very rarely kissed, as a matter of settled ceremonial.

IN SPAIN the grantees perform the ceremony of kissing hands on certain court days.

When the emperor of RUSSIA dies his body is laid out in state, and every one who approaches him kisses his hand. In Russia all persons have a right to kiss each other on Easter day—the day of rejoicing in the Greek Catholic Church.

IN BRITAIN it is customary for certain officers to kiss the sovereign's hand at their first audience. On the first presentation of young ladies of high families at court, the queen salutes them on the cheek. In the same way she salutes a hostess if she pays a visit.

When a female member of the British royal family holds a levee, it is customary for her to kiss the ladies of the nobility, and no others.

Kissing the foot is a common ORIENTAL sign of respect. The later Roman emperors, whose court ceremonial was mixed with so many servile customs, first introduced this practice into the west. The popes have required it, as a sign of respect from the secular power, since the eighth century. When this ceremony takes place, the pope wears a slipper with a cross, which is kissed. In more recent times, Protestants have not been obliged to kiss the pope's foot, but merely to bend the knee slightly.

IN SIAM an audience with the king is thus de-

scribed by Mr. Neale, in his *Narrative of a Residence at the Capital of the Kingdom of Siam* :—

“We hopped into the presence-chamber on all fours, like a company of frogs on the borders of a marsh ; and this method of approaching the king was a leniency only accorded to us, for the Siamese themselves crept in on their stomachs, and remained prostrate during the whole interview. On our first entry I could perceive nothing but a very magnificent curtain, worked entirely of gold and silver tissue, which stretched across the whole length of the room ; presently the soft notes of a remarkably sweet-toned organ reached our ears, and as the symphony gradually swelled into the beautiful cadence of one of Mozart’s master-pieces, the curtain drew aside by degrees, and revealed to our expectant eyes the corpulent and half-naked body of the mighty and despotic king of Siam. The silence that ensued for some minutes was only interrupted by the sweet music of that self-performing little organ ; and innumerable were the prostrations made by the craven courtiers and flatterers that surrounded his majesty. The king was seated upon a throne (cross-legged of course) of somewhere about two feet elevation from the ground, formed of most exquisite workmanship in ivory and ebony, with a cushion and hangings of fine red velvet, inwrought with silver ; and the scene would have been very imposing, had it not been for the ludicrous appearance of his majesty himself, who (excepting the fine gold tissue cloth wound round his loins, and reaching down to his knees) had

very much the appearance of an old overbloated Brahmin priest, and appeared to have been putting to the test that insane practice, which tradition attributes to the Brahmin tribe, of eating till the straw, which they had previously tied round their stomach as a mark to limit their feastings, should burst."

THE KISS OF CEREMONY.

Kissing the forehead of a person is a sign of condescension and good-will, the parental blessing being sealed with the father's kiss on the forehead of the child, among many nations.

Kissing the shoulders is an expression of inferiority; still more so kissing the hand or the foot; and the sign of the greatest humiliation among the Poles, Bohemians, Russians, and Asiatics, is to kiss the ground, as a symbol that the place where the foot of the honoured person has trod is dear to them.

The word kissing is the usual expression, in Hebrew, to signify adoration; and *adoratio*, in Latin, literally means touching with the mouth.

With some nations, as the Germans and French, it is customary for men to kiss each other after a long absence, &c.

In the most ancient times it was customary to impress kisses on one's own hand, and then make the sign of throwing them to the sun, moon, the stars, and even to Baal. Thus Job (xxxi. 26-28) says: "If I beheld the sun when it shined, or the

moon walking in brightness ; and my heart hath been secretly enticed, or my mouth hath kissed my hand : this also were an iniquity to be punished by the judge : for I should have denied the God that is above. ”

Among the Romans, the higher magistrates gave their hands to be kissed by the lower officers ; and, under the emperors, the monarch gave his hand, to be kissed, to the superior officers ; whilst the lower officers paid their homage on their knees, touching the gown of their emperor, or their own hand, &c.

Kissing the hand was formerly very customary on the European continent, and still is so, to a certain degree. A gentleman may kiss a lady's hand ; and people of the lower class, to express great gratitude, will not unfrequently kiss the hand of a benefactor.

CUSTOMS IN VISITING THE POPE.

Williams, in his *Travels in Italy and Greece*, gives an account of certain usages in Rome of some interest to the English reader. The pope, he says, receives only seven strangers at one time, and many days often elapse between one reception-day and the next. The number of introductions cannot fail to be burdensome to him. As England, since the Reformation, has had no accredited minister at the Roman court, the introduction of the English has usually devolved on some one of the Scottish or English ecclesiastics of the Roman Catholic Church resident at Rome.

The necessary equipment is a court dress, sword, &c. Persons who have a claim to it may go in uniform, naval or military; and many do this who have no claim. The uniform of a naval lieutenant had got into the hands of a Roman tailor, who had let it out for the occasion of an introduction to the pope to so many of our countrymen, that it was nearly as well known at the Vatican as the habit of a cardinal would be, and the navy lieutenant was a standing joke at Rome.

When the seven persons who are to form that day's party are all arrived at the introducers, they set out for the Vatican, where they are at first introduced by one of the cardinals; and then, being desired to divest themselves of their swords, are conducted to the presence of the pope. Nothing can contrast more strongly with the pomp and circumstance of a royal levee than this scene. The pope sits in a sort of study, at his table, writing, with books near him, his dress being quite in *dishabille*, somewhat like a flannel dressing-gown. When the visitors enter, he rises and comes forward to the circle, and commences conversation, generally preceding it with something complimentary to the English character. The period for remaining in the papal presence is various, but generally not exceeding half-an-hour.

The pope's morning dress is a scarlet mantle, a scarlet hat with a very broad brim, edged with gold, scarlet stockings and shoes. When he is met by the Romans, they invariably fall on their knees, and he

gives them his blessing. The British stand, and take off their hats ; and their bows are graciously returned.

Mrs. Trollope, who, by the intervention of the Hanoverian minister, was, with a large party of English friends, presented to a later pope, in her *Visit to Italy* thus describes the interview :—

“I was told, that when the wish to be presented, expressed by the party of English of which myself and my son made part, was mentioned to his holiness, he said : ‘Why should they wish it ? Would they look at me as at a curious animal in a menagerie ?’ ‘They wish to wait upon your holiness as the sovereign of the country they are visiting,’ was the reply. ‘I am more a monk,’ returned the venerable pontiff ; ‘nevertheless, I am willing to receive them.’

“The room in which we were received was a small apartment near the library ; and nothing could be less magnificent than this little reception-room, though in the middle of the richest palace in the world. His holiness wore a white dress, which, I believe, is that of the monastic order to which he belonged, and also the small white cap with which all portraits, Raphael and Lawrence inclusive, have made us familiar. His countenance is amiable, and expressive of much gentleness ; and his stature rather below the common size. We found him standing in front of a small table, which was placed before a canopy, under which, I imagine, he would have sat, had not his politeness to the ladies he expected prevented it. The party,

therefore, naturally formed themselves into a semi-circle round him; and his first words, on seeing how extensive that circle was, were: '*La stanza è troppo piccolo?*' He looked at us all with much good-humour and kindness; but, as he did not walk round the circle, and as the persons forming the circle were not instructed to pass before him, he rather harangued than conversed with us. But, considering the awkwardness of this arrangement, he managed it exceedingly well. He inquired our names from the Hanoverian minister, in the order in which we stood, and very politely expressed regret that he could not address us in our own language. The appearance of the circle was singular enough, from the ladies being all dressed in black, and wearing black veils, (which is *de rigueur*;) while the gentlemen were as gaily habited as possible—all being in full dress, chiefly military, and one in the full Highland costume. This last especially attracted the attention of his holiness, so much so, that the graceful young chieftain was compelled, in some sort, to make a step forward, that his holiness might have an opportunity of seeing more distinctly the jewelled powder-horn, which appeared particularly to have arrested his attention, but which he mistook for a *mull*,—which, he said, he had formerly seen a Scotchman carry, offering the contents to all his friends,—a very natural mistake, snuff being, very properly, a more familiar idea to his holiness than gunpowder.

“He then asked the minister if there were not a literary lady in the company; which being answered

in the affirmative, and the individual indicated, his holiness inquired what species of compositions had been produced ; and then remarked, that there *were* many books written in English, but that he had not read them. He then, *à-propos* of the great advantage of a general acquaintance with modern languages, spoke to us of the extraordinary acquirements in that line of the Cardinal Mezzofante, and related an anecdote respecting him, in which this remarkable faculty had enabled his holiness to detect a renegado Christian, who attempted to pass himself as a Turk desirous of professing the Catholic faith—the ‘*Roman Catholic faith*,’ added his holiness significantly, correcting himself. He told this little story with a good deal of spirit, and altogether got through the audience, which, for many reasons, must have been an embarrassing one, with a great deal of good-humoured ease. We remained thus standing before him for about twenty minutes or half-an-hour, and then he bowed us off.”

As a contrast to the above, the following is Mr. Dickens’ account of his reception by the president of the United States, as given in his *Notes on America for General Circulation* :—

The president’s house, within and without, he says, resembles a club-house.

“We entered a large hall, and having twice or thrice rung a bell, which nobody answered, walked, without further ceremony, through the rooms on the ground-floor, as divers other gentlemen (mostly with their hats on, and their hands in their pockets) were

doing very leisurely. Some of these had ladies with them, to whom they were shewing the premises; others were lounging on the chairs and sofas; others, in a perfect state of exhaustion from listlessness, were yawning drearily. The greater portion of this assemblage were rather asserting their supremacy than doing anything else, as they had no particular business there that anybody knew of. A few were closely eyeing the moveables, as if to make quite sure that the president (who was far from popular) had not made away with any of the furniture, or sold the fixtures for his private benefit.

“After glancing at these loungers — who were scattered over a pretty drawing-room, opening upon a terrace which commanded a beautiful prospect of the river and the adjacent country, and who were sauntering, too, about a larger state-room, called the eastern drawing-room — we went up stairs into another chamber, where were certain visitors waiting for audiences. At sight of my conductor, a black in plain clothes and yellow slippers, who was gliding noiselessly about, and whispering messages in the ears of the more impatient, made a sign of recognition, and glided off to announce him. There were some fifteen or twenty persons in the room. One, a tall, wiry, muscular, old man, from the west, sunburnt and swarthy, with a brown-white hat on his knees, and a giant umbrella resting between his legs, who sat bolt upright in his chair, frowning steadily at the carpet, and twitching the hard lines about his mouth,

as if he had made up his mind 'to fix' the president on what he had to say, and wouldn't bate him a grain. Another, a Kentucky farmer, six-feet-six in height, with his hat on, and his hands under his coat tails, who leaned against the wall, and kicked the floor with his heel as though he had Time's head under his shoe, and were literally 'killing' him. A third, an oval-faced, bilious-looking man, with sleek black hair cropped close, and whiskers and beard shaved down to blue dots, who sucked the head of a thick stick, and from time to time took it out of his mouth, to see how it was getting on. A fourth did nothing but whistle. A fifth did nothing but spit.

"We had not waited in this room many minutes before the black messenger returned, and conducted us into another of smaller dimensions, where, at a business-like table covered with papers, sat the president himself. He looked somewhat worn and anxious,—and well he might, being at war with everybody,—but the expression of his face was mild and pleasant, and his manner was remarkably unaffected, gentlemanly, and agreeable. I thought, that in his whole carriage and demeanour he became his station singularly well."

KISSING THE SULTAN'S TOE.

They are only the highest dignitaries of the Mussulman empire who have the right to kiss the feet of the glorious sultan. This surpassing honour is reserved

for the vizier, the ministers, and a few privileged pachas. The vizier started from the angle of the kiosk, which was at the right of the sultan—described a semicircle within the line formed by the guards and musicians—and, arriving in front of the throne, advanced to the footstool, after performing the oriental salutation; and there, bending over the feet of his master, kissed his boot as reverentially as a fervent Catholic could kiss the toe of the pope.

This done, he retired backwards, and gave place to another. Then followed the same salutation, the same genuflexion, the same prostration, and the same manner of approaching and retiring, performed by seven or eight of the foremost personages in the empire.

During these adorations the countenance of the sultan remained impassive and expressionless. His fixed dark eyes looked without seeing, like eyes of marble in a statue; no movement of a muscle, no play of countenance—nothing to induce a belief that he observed what was passing. In fact, the superb padischah was evidently unable to see across the vast space that separated him from humanity—the humble worms which crawled in the dust at his feet. And yet this immobility had in it nothing offensive or overstrained. It was the mere aristocratic negligence and abstraction of the grand seignior, receiving the homage which was his due, without giving himself a thought on the subject—the drowsy indifference of the deity fatigued by the adoration of his devotees, themselves too happy in being permitted to adore him.

I could not help remarking, in looking upon the pachas whom the occasion had assembled, the universal corpulence of the persons of high degree in Turkey. They attain proportions literally monstrous; and to some of them the performance of this ceremony was truly laborious. One can hardly conceive anything more grotesque than the contortions of these unhappy men, compelled—with reverence and solemnity—to stoop to the earth and rise again; and some of them—whose breadth exceeded their height—narrowly escaped burying their noses in the ground, and remaining extended at the feet of their master. Beside these prodigious Turks, Lablache would seem slender and small; and this excessive corpulence overtakes the Turks at an early age too.

I have encountered, at the Sweet Waters of Europe and Asia, young sons of pachas already encumbered with fat at the age of ten or twelve years, and certainly weighing two hundred pounds. The horses which carried them were already bending beneath their monstrous weight. By way of contrast, however, it is scarcely less remarkable that all the inferior officials are made up of nothing but skin and bone; and thus are presented the extremes—literal caricatures—of fat and lean. The diminution of fat preserves an inverse mathematical proportion to the elevation of the grade of the individual. One would say, that office was distributed according to the weight.

Next after pachas in this act of homage came the Sheik-ul-Islam, in his white caftan and turban of the

same colour, crossed in front by a band of gold. The Sheik-ul-Islam is the Mohammedan patriarch, next to the sultan in the religious scale, and consequently exceedingly powerful and greatly revered. When, therefore, after the usual salutation, he was about to kiss the sultan's foot, as the others had done, Abdul Medjid broke, for the first time, his calm imperturbability, and raising the sheik graciously, prevented the actual performance of that homage. The ulemahs, or prelates of Islamism, then defiled before the sultan; but, instead of kissing his foot, they were content with touching with their lips the hem of his surtout, not being sufficiently great personages to aspire to the more distinguished honour. And here a little incident disturbed the ceremony.

A former scherif of Mecca, who had been removed from office for his excess of fanaticism, approached and threw himself at the feet of the sultan,—who, however, repulsed him sharply enough to prevent his performing any act of homage, and dismissed him with an imperious gesture of refusal. Two tall young men—almost mulattoes in complexion, and seemingly his sons—also essayed to throw themselves at the sultan's feet, but were no better received; and the whole three were conducted out of the circle. To the ulemahs succeeded other officials, civil and military, of less elevated grade, who could not presume to kiss either the boot or the robe;—an end of the sultan's sash, held by a pacha, offered its fringe of gold to their lips at the extremity of the divan.

Enough for them to touch anything that had been in contact with their master. They came, one after another, described the entire circle, holding one hand to the forehead, and the other to the heart, and, after bending to the earth, touched the scarf, and passed on. The dwarf standing behind the throne watched the whole with the malicious grimace of an evil-disposed gnome. During all this time the band played airs from *L'Elisir d'Amour* and *Lucrezia Borgia*; the cannon thundered in the distance; and the pigeons, frightened from the eaves of Sultan Bajazet, flew in hurried circles above the centre of the seraglio. When the last functionary had paid his homaze, the sultan re-entered his kiosk amid tumultuous *vivas*; and we returned to Pera, to seek that breakfast of which by this time we stood cruelly in need.—*Gautier's Constantinople of To-day.*

INTERVIEW WITH OMAR ALI, SULTAN OF BRUNI.

Mr., afterwards Sir James Brook, the rajah of Sarawak, having been appointed Her Majesty's confidential agent in Bruni, had the charge of conducting the negotiations. Early in the morning, 27th February, 1845, Mr. Brook, Captain Bethune, and Mr. Wise, started for the capital. At four o'clock, p.m., the boats anchored near the sultan's palace, and were saluted with twenty-one guns, placed in battery on the banks of the river. Having hastily dressed, the mem-

bers of the mission proceeded to the hall of audience, which is about sixty feet in length, by thirty in breadth. The central portion of the floor is elevated above the rest, and serves at night as a sleeping place for a small body of men who act as a guard. At the farther end of this elevation stands the throne, which resembles a Chinese bedstead covered with a canopy. The footstool, about a yard and a-quarter wide, is composed of a large plank of black ebony, which is very plentiful in this part of Kalamantan. Pillars rise from the sides of the raised platform, which serve to support a canopy of cotton cloth. The sultan's house is built on piles, so that when the tide rises, the water reaches within a foot of the floor, which is so inartistically made, that the stream may be seen beneath, through openings at least an inch in width.

Having arrived at the hall of audience, our countrymen found the sultan seated on the throne, under the carved canopy, and surrounded by his principal rajahs, and also by bodies of armed men. The rajah Muda Hasim, uncle to the sultan, and his chief minister, sat at the foot of the throne, whilst his brother Bedrideen, having met the British at the steps, conducted them to the sultan, who received them with affected indifference; indeed, throughout the whole interview he appeared to take little notice of the proceedings, either through false notions of dignity, or through a natural inaptitude for business. This lethargic manner may be partly accounted for by his having been shut up nearly all his life with his women and slaves. The

custom of his country prevents him from going out, unless in state, and attended by a numerous train. His look would denote that he had some Arabian blood in his veins, having more the appearance of a Caucasian than a Malay.

Muda Hasim opened the silk packet containing the complimentary letter and the translation,—the latter made by Buduiceen, and very beautifully copied by Pangeran Ishmael, another brother of the chief minister. The document having been read in public, a royal salute was immediately fired. Mr. Brook with his party then withdrew, each member of the mission shaking hands with Omar Ali, Saipudeen, and the principal rajahs. The flags and decorations of the audience-chamber, added to the varied colours of the dresses of state worn by the several rajahs and persons present, gave an animated appearance to the scene.

Some American travellers who visited Bruni a few years before, had several interviews with the sultan and Muda Hasim. The latter appeared a little embarrassed when he received their first visit; but he endeavoured to imitate, as far as possible, our European manners, and was consequently awkward and constrained. He, however, made tea for them, and shewed his proficiency in civilized manners by not presenting them with betel. After sitting with his guests some time, he proposed that they should visit Omar Ali, and promised to accompany them. Two boats having been called, they were rowed to the sultan's residence. Having mounted a ladder, they found

themselves near the door of a dimly-lighted hall, on the floor of which a number of men were fast asleep. Passing this entrance, they were shewn into a small verandah furnished with a bamboo settee, a few chairs, and a mat. Having given them sufficient time to admire the splendour of the apartment, the sultan made his appearance. Being of a very inquisitive disposition, he fatigued his visitors with questions, and appeared extremely anxious to learn their names and residences, and also what business had brought them into those parts. Having at length been satisfied, he offered them tea and betel. He detained them so long that it was nearly daylight before they were conducted to their beds, which they found to consist of a common mat and pillow, with the addition of a rug spread over them. The Malays were exceedingly anxious to behold the foreigners lie down to rest, and several visited them for the express purpose. Muda Hasim came to see if they were comfortable, and then took his leave.

When the British mission had retired, the assembled multitude quietly withdrew, and two chiefs accompanied them to the house selected for their residence. The pinnace returned to the ship, and the cutter and gun-boat anchored in the river, abreast of the house in which the mission resided. It was an edifice built, like the rest of this extraordinary city, on piles of wood, with the water flowing beneath. The number of boats passing up and down the river was very great, and the population of the town appeared to be considerable. The inhabitants are principally Malays, professing

the Mohammedan religion; and, as is usual in those countries where intellect is swayed by the prophet, the women are confined at home. The principal Pangwans possess large harems. The sultan has above one hundred fair tenants in his house, while Muda Hasim contented himself with eighty. None but the wives of the poor are seen about the streets.

It rained heavily during the night; and when they rose in the morning, everything appeared fresh. The scenery around was very beautiful, a fine river running between moderately-high hills, clothed with verdure and trees, with the country around partially cleared for cultivation. The town consisted of about three thousand houses, built on piles ranged along either bank, within a short distance of the shore. The dwellings of the sultan and the different chiefs are each distinguished by their respective banners,—which produced a good effect, and assisted to enliven a very extraordinary scene. The poor people crowded around the English, anxious to barter provisions for empty bottles, bits of iron, and other trifles. It is a remarkable fact, that whatever these people seek after, either to beg or purchase, they always prefer strength to fineness. They are the most importunate beggars for all sorts of wearing apparel, and luxurious articles food, but not for money; for neither gold nor silver is much known there as a coin.—pieces of iron being used instead.—*Tait's Magazine*.

A DAY AT BANGKOK.

BANGKOK, the capital of Siam, is literally a floating city, containing seventy thousand floating houses or shops, with a population of no less than three hundred and fifty thousand souls! Mr. Neale, in his *Narrative of a Residence at the Capital of the Kingdom of Siam*, describes a day at Bangkok :—

“About half-an-hour before daybreak the new-comer is awoke by the most interminable cawing of innumerable flights of crows, passing in every direction overhead to fields and gardens. This cawing continues till daylight has fairly set in, and then a host of sparrows create such a rioting as renders sleep or repose perfectly out of the question. The busy little grey squirrel commences its sharp and piercing series of cries ; and the vendors of fresh-culled flowers, fruits, and vegetables, are busily engaged in their various occupations. You rise up from your bed little refreshed by the troubled slumber of the night, and the quiet rippling of the waters invites you to plunge your fevered form into air cool and refreshing depths. Half-an-hour's swim makes ample amends for the loss of sleep ; and this, aided by the cool morning breeze, braces you up to combat against the heats of the coming day. About sunrise you are astonished to see so many canoes, filled with unearthly-looking beings, clad in

bright yellow garments, like so many dire emblems of the plague. These are the priests belonging to the different watts, or churches, that extend along the banks of the river on either side ; and they come round at this early hour to gather their provisions for the day, for they live upon the charity of the people ; and the people are charitable, either from good will and pure purposes, or from necessity ; for every man in Siam must, *malgre lui*, be charitable, as far as supporting the priesthood is concerned. Betelnut vendors dispose of their goods as fast as they can supply customers, for this said betelnut is as indispensable to a Siamese household as the rice they eat and the water they drink. Then comes the Guineaman, with his ready-cooked pork ; and the fishmonger with his fried and well-stewed fish ; and the baker's girl, with bread and hoppers, (hoppers are a delicious species of cake made of rice flour and cocoa-nut milk ;) and then an interminable string of raw commodities, sea and river fish, goats' meat and poultry, fruits, vegetables, and other minor articles of consumption ; and amidst this commotion amongst the floating vendors, the city wakes to the business of the day, and man goes forth to his labour and toil."

After the royal trumpet has sounded permission for the universe to dine, folks dine and sleep until the sea-breeze comes freshening up the river. "Then the drowsy populace awake once more to a sense of business, and the whole river is very soon one scene of lively animation ; more boats than ever are now to be seen,

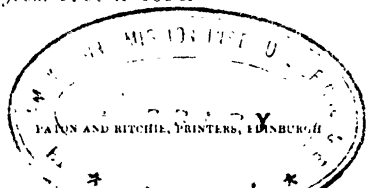
and more people throng the floating houses. About this period of the day there is generally a great stir amongst the shipping—vessels arriving and departing, loading and discharging. By and by the sun sets in the west, the short dull twilight is fast giving way to the more sombre tinges of night; the cawing of crows once more resounds through the air as they fly homeward for the night to roost; small lamps are twinkling in the floating houses, and on board the vessels; the boats of the river grow darkish; objects become indistinct; an old gong strikes the half-hour after six; and the whole place is wrapt in impenetrable night. For an hour or two after this, or, at the latest, till ten, P.M., the long row of lights in the floating houses give symptoms of wakefulness, and of supper being under weigh. An occasional snatch of a Chinese carol would reach us as we sat at the hospitable board of our worthy host; by degrees even this sound would cease, and, save the low mournful cry of some hapless young vendor of fish or fruits, who dared not seek her home before disposing of a stipulated quantity, for fear of chastisement from her ruthless master, nothing disturbed the solemn stillness of night.

A GERMAN NOBLEMAN'S HOUSEHOLD IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

IN the reign of Count Hildebrand Christoph von Hardenberg, (b. 1645,) a courtly tone, hitherto unknown, was introduced. Servants, dress, ceremonies, even education, assumed, from this time, a luxurious air. In former times, when a Hardenberg rode to the yearly fair in the neighbouring town, he was attended by one groom; but sturdy fellows in gay clothes, standing behind a coach, handing about dishes, and changing plates, was a sight yet unseen by any mortal born and bred in the Long Forest, (Langforst.) The new lacqueys themselves knew not how to behave in their unwonted elevation. Order, cleanliness, and decorous manners, had to be beaten into them by means of unheard-of severity. Steward, valet, pages, lacqueys, grooms, coachmen, and stable-boys, composed the retinue of our statthalter as long as he resided at the court of Wolfenbüttel. The "Rules for House and Court," according to which his excellency the lord statthalter commands his people to conduct themselves, given the 10th March 1666, begin by declaring to his servants, that they are all rude, unpolished, stupid, and inattentive fellows, to whom he is now, with fatherly care, going to give the following rules for the government of their lives and manners. Thus, for example, he who can give no account of the

sermon, shall eat his dinner like a dog, lying on the ground; whoever swears, shall kneel for an hour on the sharp edge of a plank. Whoever neglects to take the Lord's Supper when it is notified to him, shall ride upon an ass loaded with heavy weights, or receive a flogging, as the circumstances may be. Domestic thieves are promised the gallows. Whoever peeps into a letter, even if it lies open, shall have the bastinado three days running, and be sent out of the house as infamous. Before the statthalter rises, the clothes must be brushed clean, and laid in good order on the table; shoes and boots cleaned, and set under the bench; fresh water and a towel must be in readiness. His excellency must be most delicately (*subtilstermassen*) dressed, and what he lays aside must be carefully put by. The meals are to be served in good order, without spilling, and the dishes to be taken away with a bow. If any one nibbles at things, and puts his fingers or his mouth into the dishes, he shall be made to eat scalding food to cure him of his greediness. Every one is bound, when called upon, to step forward, making a reverence, and to say grace with a clear and audible voice. He who stutters or hesitates shall receive six fillips on the nose, (*spanische Nasenstuber*.) If any man waits at table with dirty hands, he shall do as if he were washing them, while one pours water over them, and another dries them with two sharp rods till they bleed. In like manner, he who waits uncombed, shall be well curried in the stable with the curry-comb. The tablecloth to be spread at one cast; every plate

to have a napkin, and the salt-cellars to be filled with clean salt. At the proper time candles are to be brought, and to be constantly snuffed, every time beginning at the place where the highest guest sits. Lastly, the tablecloth is to be removed in a mannerly way, (*mannerlich*;) and the servants are to retire with a reverence, under the pain of six fillips on the nose. Whoever mixes in the conversation, or grins at what is said, shall be made to blow till he is tired; whoever laughs loud shall have four raps over the fingers. Whoever fills a glass too full, and then sups it out with his own mouth, shall have twenty lashes with a whip. He who hands a dirty glass may have his choice between four boxes on the ear, or six fillips on the nose. After dinner, a basin of water and a clean towel are to be handed (with a bow) to every guest. As it is a scandalous and insufferable thing for servants to be long at meals, those who are more than a quarter-of-an-hour at dinner shall have it taken away from them. He who will not eat what is set before him, shall fast twenty-four hours. If any one goes out without leave, or murmurs against his lord, he may expect to be flogged, put in chains, or tied to a post, according to circumstances.—*Mrs. Austin's Germany from 1760 to 1814.*



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